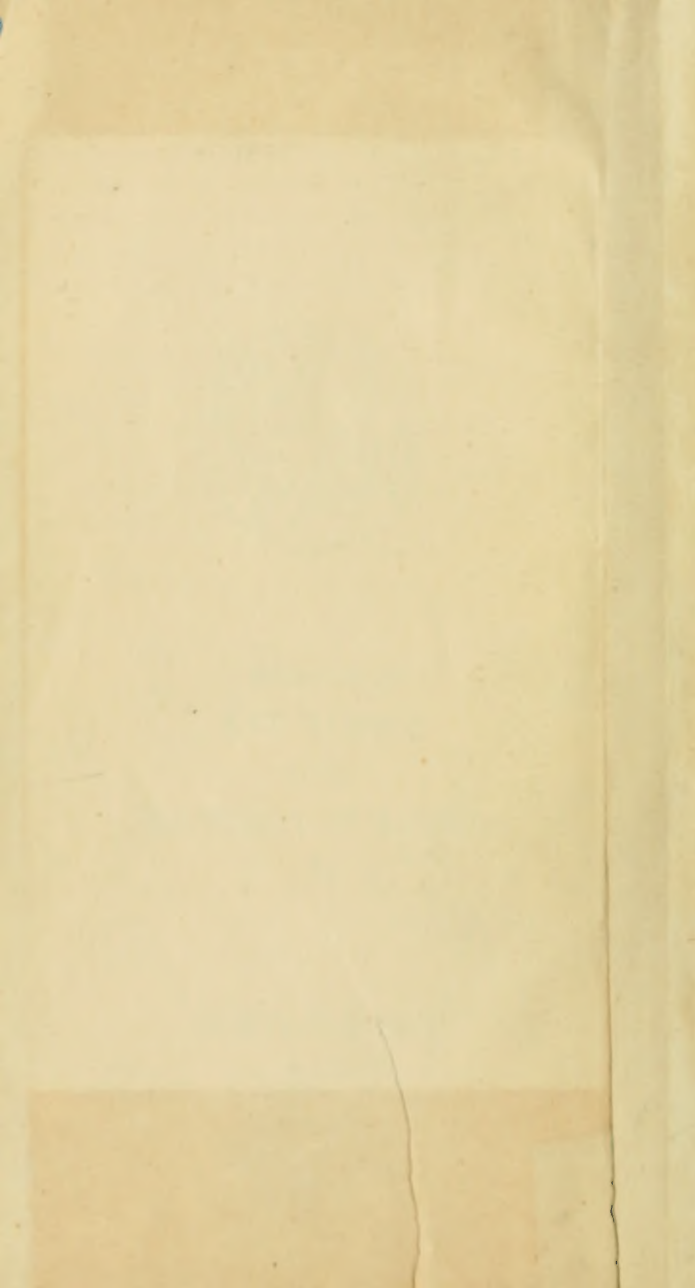


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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOKS I. TO VI.

Literally Translated.

BY

HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.,

TRIN. COLL., DUBLIN,

TRANSLATOR OF SALLUST'S HISTORIES, CICERO'S OFFICES,
TACITUS' GERMANY AND AGRICOLA, LIVY, DEMOSTHENES,
AND ÆSCHINES, HORACE, ETC.



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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOKS I. to VI.

Literally Translated.

HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
 WITH A PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.



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CRITICAL PREFACE.

Of the life of Virgil little is known with certainty, relatively to his literary reputation, and much has been invented during the Middle ages. The generally accredited statements respecting his habits and acquirements were of that romantic and miraculous character so notoriously congenial to the spirit of the time. He was, at this period, believed to have been one of those *illuminati* who had attained that superhuman knowledge to which numerous pretenders were to be found in all parts of the Continent of Europe, during those ages of easy credulity and visionary speculation.

At the time when the Rosicrucians flourished, and such impostors as the celebrated Alessandro Cagliostro were followed by admiring votaries, it is not unnatural that the history of an eccentric man of genius, such as Virgil appears to have been, should have been embellished by many a marvellous legend.

It was most probably from the knowledge of his proficiency in physical and medical science; his several allusions to magic ceremonies (*Ecl. viii.*; *Æn. iv. &c.*); and the name of his mother, *Maga*, that he was supposed to have been an adept in the black art, and to have even penetrated the secret of the *Elisir vitae*.

In those times, a man who had learned geometry incurred the risk of being burned as a wizard: and the poet Petrarch was actually represented to Innocent VI. as a

neophyte in diabolical mysteries, on the ground of his propensity to the study of Virgil.

The subterranean passage through Pausilippo, generally believed to pass under the poet's tomb, was, for a long time, regarded as the scene of his necromantic labours, and of the construction of the brazen automaton, of which a full account will be found in the notes to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

It was in such an age that men readily believed in the possibility of such an intercourse with the unseen world as enabled King Solomon to build his temple without the aid of human hands; of such power over spiritual intelligences as produced the brazen fly that cleared Venice of noxious insects, the brazen trumpeter, and the golden leech. The reader curious on these subjects will find much to interest him in "Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers."

Virgil was born at Andes (*Pietola*), three miles from Mantua, in the year A. U. C. 684, B. C. 70, the first Consulate of Pompey and Crassus, seven years before the birth of Augustus, and five before that of his friend Horace. His parents were in humble life; his father having been a potter, or filling some subordinate station in the service of a small landed proprietor, Magus, or Magius, whose daughter he eventually married. In the year A. U. C. 699 (*iisdem* *causis*) he assumed the *toga virilis*, and left Cremona, where he had hitherto resided, for Mediolanum (*Milan*), whence he afterwards removed to Parthenope (*Naples*), or, according to the less probable statement of Eusebius, to Rome. Naples was then, next to Athens, the great school of literature and science; and here, in that intellectual quietude which the uninitiated so often mistake for listless indolence, he zealously pursued his favourite studies under the tuition of

Parthenius in Greek; Tyro, the Epicurean, in philosophy; and Epidius in oratory.

In his twenty-second year he returned to Mantua, on the eruption of the civil war between Julius Cæsar and Pompey.

From the partition of the Empire, after the battle of Mutina (*Modena*), and the formation of the first triumvirate at Bononia, it happened that Virgil was brought under the immediate notice of Asinius Pollio, to whom, as the representative of Antony, the government of Cisalpine Gaul had been assigned; under his patronage the confiscation of Virgil's property was averted for a time, and the composition of the *Bucolics* undertaken.

After the battle of Philippi, however, this protection, which Virgil gratefully recorded (*Ecl.* iii. and vi.), failed to insure an exemption from the general evictions of the proprietors of Mantua,—“*Mantua, vae ! miseræ nimis vicina Cremonæ*,”—who were involved in the proscription of the republicans of Cremona, whose lands were not sufficient to meet the demands of the veterans of Augustus.

Pollio being a partisan of Antony, between whom and Augustus the *infida regni societas* had already begun to show itself, was unable to protect the poet from injury, and it consequently devolved on his old fellow-student, Alfenus Varus, who held some public appointment in that district, to influence Augustus in his favour. Under his protection Virgil made a personal application to the future emperor, and was restored to the possession of his property, which, however, the centurion Arrius, to whom it had been allotted, was so unwilling to resign, that the poet escaped his violence only by swimming across the Mincius.

In or about his thirty-third year, Virgil established his

residence in Rome, where, under the discriminating patronage of Mæcenas, he was enabled to enjoy that leisure which is indispensable to success in authorship :

"Mam, si Virgilio puer et tolerabile desit

Hospitium, caderunt omnes de cribulis hydri."

Here began his lasting friendship with Horace, originating in mutual esteem and appreciation, and cemented by reciprocal favours. It is unnecessary to mention, that the Venusian poet gracefully records his obligations to Virgil for his introduction at court.

After a brief sojourn in the city, amic¹ the uncongenial restraints of an artificial society, he returned to Naples, to enjoy the freedom and repose which early associations, and his natural taste, had rendered, to some extent, a vital element ; and there, in one of the most picturesque localities on the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea, in the suburbs of Nola, he resolved to reside during the remainder of his life ; and, at the request of Mæcenas, began the composition of the Georgics, to which he devoted seven years.

Having completed his great didactic poem (A. U. C. 724), he was induced, by the request of Augustus, to turn his attention to his epic, which occupied the remainder of his life. The subject of this work, and the high reputation which its author had already acquired, having excited considerable curiosity respecting it, Augustus, in 729, signified his wish to be favoured with a perusal of such portions as may have been finished. Virgil, however, excused himself on the plea that it was not yet worthy of that honour, but was eventually persuaded to recite the sixth book to Augustus and Octavia. Recitation was Virgil's forte, more so, perhaps, even than composition ; and when he repeated, with all the graces of intonation, the lines, which it is as

lecting even to read in silence, relating to the premature death of young Marcellus, their pathos touched a mother's heart, and Octavia fainted away. For each of these lines the poet received ten sesteria.

It is interesting to contrast such patronage of genius with a somewhat similar incident in the life of Edmund Spenser. When Queen Elizabeth ordered her treasurer to present a sum of money to the author of the "Faery Queen," his lordship, who regarded men of genius as rather an unprofitable class of idlers, and could see no "reason in rhyme," closed his hand, and paid the poet only when he dared no longer to refuse.

The *Æneid* was still unfinished, when Virgii, in order carefully and deliberately to bring it to perfection, removed to Athens, and it was on that occasion that Horace addressed to him the third of the first book of the Odes,— "*Sic te Diva potens Cypri.*" His intention was, after devoting three years to the revision of his epic, to dedicate the rest of his life to those physical and ethical studies, of which many passages in his poems attest his fondness.

Before he had time, however, to put any part of his design in execution, Augustus, on his way from the east, arrived at Athens, and induced the poet to accompany him to Rome. It is uncertain what particular ailment it was that closed so distinguished and amiable a life; but the general belief is that it was some affection of the lungs. In a few days after his arrival at Brundisium, he died, in his fifty-first year, A. U. C. 735. His last wishes were, that his bones might rest at Naples, where he had spent so many tranquil and contemplative years; that his property should be inherited by his brother, with the exception of some bequests to the emperor, to Maecenas, and

his literary friends, L. Varius and Plotius Tucca, and that the *Æneid* should be burned. Of these the last request was interdicted by Augustus, who requested Varius and Tucca to prepare the poem for publication, but to add nothing to the words of the poet.

The exact position of Virgil's tomb is a matter of controversy. The entrance to the Cave of Pausilippo is generally believed, on the authority of Petrarch, Sannazarius, Donatus, and Bembo, to pass under his grave; others, however, adopting the views of Statius, Cluverius, and Addison, state that his interment took place nearer to Vesuvius.

The urn which was supposed to contain his ashes, bore the well-known inscription, which is popularly believed to have been dictated by himself:

" Mantua me genuit; Calabri raptae: Tunc nome
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces "

The traditions respecting Virgil's personal appearance represent him as tall and sallow, negligent in dress, and awkward and timid in demeanour. To these peculiarities Horace is understood to allude in the lines Sat. 1. in 31, and Epist. 1. i. 94, where, after enumerating some of these innocent eccentricities, he tells us that " a master mind dwells unseen beneath a surface unrefined." His habits were marked by that *mauvais honte* and gentle melancholy, which Lavater considered the truest indications of genius. He spent his life in dreamy solitude, when he might have easily enjoyed the gaieties of a court; and, like a thief who fears the noise he has himself made, used to shrink from the complimentary notice which his appearance in public might attract. The popularity which flattered the vanity of other men was simply an annoyance to Virgil.

But perhaps the strongest evidence of his gentle amiability, was the universal esteem in which he was held by his brethren of the *stylus*, and the unanimity with which all others of the *genus irritabile*, while they envied and hated each other, agreed in honouring one who was never jealous of any.

In the works of Virgil, and in fact of all the Roman poets, there is little originality. They were all imitators, or rather translators, of the Greeks. Even Horace, who has painted most from his own kaleidoscope, transferred many of the finest touches in his exquisitely finished odes from Alceus, Sappho, and Anacreon.

Virgil is, perhaps, the least original of any. His great power lay, not in bold and unsuggested conceptions, but in the refined taste and accurate judgment with which he could impart a grace and polish of his own to ideas less perfectly expressed by others. His skill was that of the lapidary, who, by polishing and resetting, can bestow new lustre on the gem. It will, therefore, be easily presumed that he must have excelled in the pathetic, and in the delineation of the beauties and poetry of nature.

The earliest productions of Virgil were the *Bucolics*, a species of composition unsuited to the age in which they appeared, but evidently congenial to the fancy and temperament of the poet, who in a language less harmonious and flexible, and surrounded by all the chilling and restricting influences of a highly artificial state of society, has all but rivalled his great model, Theocritus. The dramatic form of pastoral, in which it appears most animated and attractive, is due to the Doric poet; and this, with some other modifications of his own, the pastoral allegory and the *imagery of materials*, perhaps not strictly *Bucolic*, have ren-

dered Virgil's pictures of nomad life more diversified and elaborate, though less natural, than the Greek.

In Theocritus, all is natural and unsophisticated; in Virgil, all is polished and refined. The well-known eulogy of Horace, *molle atque facctum*, was a tribute to the *Bucolica* exclusively, for the date of its publication (A. U. C. 716) is earlier by a year than that of the tenth Eclogue, which would sufficiently limit the allusion even without the concluding words of the line, *gaudentes rure Camenæ*.

It should be too generally known to need repetition, that Virgil owed his first introduction to celebrity to the generosity of the celebrated actress, Volumnia, (or Cytheris), who, most probably without any previous arrangement with the author, recited the sixth Eclogue (the song of Silenus) on the stage. The earliest of these poems was that known as the second, which, together with the third, fifth, ninth, and first, appeared in A. U. C. 713. The following year produced the sixth and fourth; the eighth was written in 715, and the seventh and tenth in 717. This is the chronological arrangement of Heyne; Voss arranges them, possibly with more precision, in the following order: —Ecl. ii. in the spring of 711; Ecl. iii. in the spring of 712; Ecl. i. in the autumn of 713; Ecl. v. in the winter of 713; Ecl. ix. in the summer, and Ecl. iv. in the autumn, of 714; Ecl. vi. in the summer, and viii. in the autumn, of 715; Ecl. vii. in the spring of 716; and Ecl. x. in the spring of 717.

It may be naturally inquired why they have not been, originally or subsequently, arranged in the order of their first publication. In the first instance, that which is really the third, and usually known as the first, contains some complimentary allusions to the emperor, which entitle it

to a place in the beginning of the book ; and secondly, the motive which dictated the location of the others was simply the variety to be effected by an alternation of the monologues with the amæbean pieces.

The Georgics are generally believed to have been intended to supply the disbanded veterans, who had now become land proprietors, with an elementary work on agriculture, and at the same time to awaken an interest in their new occupation, by investing it with all the decorations which poetry, taste, and judgment, could supply from collateral sources. Hence the numerous digressions and episodes, and the comparative simplicity and paucity of the didactic portions of the poem. The famine also, which the political and social derangements of the civil wars of the triumvirates had induced in 713 and subsequent years, created a further necessity for a popular work on agricultural subjects. In the composition of this elaborately finished work, Virgil is believed to have followed Nicander and Aratus in his general treatment of the subject, in blending amusement with instruction, and illustrating the romance of rural life.

Of Aratus, from whom Virgil borrowed the observations on meteoric phenomena (Georg. i, 350, *seq.*), Quintilian says—"The compositions of Aratus are spiritless and inanimate, exhibiting no variety, no pathos, no speaking or delineated characters. Still his abilities were equal to his undertakings." To Hesiod he confesses himself indebted for much of the design of his work, though the *ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι* was rather an ethical than an industrial poem. From Lucretius he has almost verbally transferred his description of the plague (Georg. iii. 440, *seq.*), which Lucretius in his turn had translated from Thucydides.

Theophrastus, of whom Quintilian says "that he possesses so peculiar and so divine a beauty of diction, that it may be almost said to have suggested his name," supplied the precepts for the treatment of trees in the second book.

From the zoology of Aristotle have been drawn the several observations upon bees in the fourth book.

The *Thiaca* of Nicander have furnished most of the allusions to wild animals; and the *Æconomica* of Xenophon have contributed much of the practical portion of the first Georgic (v. 43, *seq.*). Democritus and Eratosthenes, also, though less obviously, are said to have supplied whatever astronomy is to be met in the course of the poem.

Of the Roman authors, Cato, Varro, Mago Afer, Cicero (*Æconomica*), Ennius, Lucretius, Lucilius, and Varro Atacinus, are believed to have been laid under contribution; and Columella, whose works may be regarded as a commentary on the Georgics, wrote his tenth book (on Horticulture) in verse, in order to add the supplement which Virgil suggested at Georg. iv. 148 (*aliqua aliis post me memoranda relinquo*). But it is in those passages which delineate the working of the darker and deeper passions of the heart, in painting in the old national and mythological legends, that Virgil appears, so to speak, in his own character.

Of those ornamental intervals which chequer the more practical portions of the poem, we find three in the first book: the first is the allusion to the curse pronounced upon the parents of the human race, some traditions of which appear to have been perpetuated among all the civilized nations of antiquity: the second is a view of all such facts and phenomena of astronomy as were then generally known,

with some of the popular and generally correct ideas on the subject of physical geography ; and the third is an enumeration, vividly illustrated, of the mysterious portents which preceded and were believed to presage the fall of Julius Cæsar, suggested by the preceding observations on meteorology ; and concluding with a prayer for the long sojourn upon earth of the deified Augustus.

The second book is diversified with two of his most beautiful and powerfully written episodes ; the first devoted to the praises of Italy, its pride of ancestry, its martial glory, its genial climate, and other physical advantages, with which the reader may find it interesting to compare a poem on the same subject in Madame de Staël's *Corinne*. The second has for its subject a theme equally congenial to the poet,—the pleasures and recreations, the peace, the abundance, the innocence, and the conviviality, of rural life. It is when engaged upon such passages as these, that a translator must feel how truly it has been said that a translation bears the same relation to the original that an engraving, however faithfully executed, bears to a painting.

The third of the *Georgics* contains three episodes : the subject of the first is the passion which has animated all poetry, in all languages, and which neither the lyric, dramatic, or epic poet—neither the writer of prose, romance, nor even the grave and philosophic historian—can venture altogether to dispense with,—the passion of love. This episode is aptly illustrated by an allusion to the tragic amours of Hero and Leander, which has been suggested by Musæus, and more recently presented, with all his characteristic beauties, by Lord Byron. The second is a well contrasted picture of the free barbarism of the African and Scythian nomads. The third is an elaborate description

of the plague, as it manifested itself on several occasions in the ancient world. The opening lines of this book, in which Virgil anticipates the triumphal return to his native country, which he never enjoyed, were written in Athens, some time after the composition of the rest of the poem.

The fourth book consists almost altogether of an episode, into which has been introduced the allegorical legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, invested with a richness of embellishment such as no other poet has been able to bestow on mythological subjects, except Keats, whose *Endymion* is one of the most gorgeous poems in our language. This was substituted for a panegyric upon Cornelius Gallus, one of the courtiers of Augustus, who followed him to Alexandria, after the battle of Actium, but afterwards forfeited the favour of the emperor, and consequently his place in the poem. The change, however, must have been a considerable improvement.

The chronology of the *Georgics* may be determined by internal evidence. At ver. 466 of the first book, and following lines, we meet an allusion to the political commotions which followed the death of Julius Cæsar, in the years A. U. C. 710, 711. This evidence, however, fixes no limit, and merely proves that when these lines were written, the events were past. At ver. 489 of the same book the Battle of Philippi (A. U. C. 712) is also alluded to as a past event. Georg. ii. 170, *seq.*, contains a historical allusion which commentators have found it difficult to specify, in consequence of the exaggerated tone of adulation in which the poets of the Augustan age were accustomed to speak of the military movements of the time. The expedition, or rather the journey, of Octavian to the Euphrates, in A. U. C. 724, is generally understood to be most probably

the event commemorated; the embassy of the Parthians, and some other Eastern nations, in 734, is also suggested by Wagner and Jahn, who believe, accordingly, that these three verses were inserted subsequently to that date.

The objections to this latter theory are, the interval of ten years between the final publication of the Georgics and the arrival of the Indian embassy; and the difficulty of reconciling such an explanation with the obvious import of the concluding lines of the fourth book.*

Georg. ii. ver. 497, *Aut conjurato Dacus*, &c., relates to the expedition of Crassus against the north-eastern tribes, the Daci, Masi, and Bastarni, who invaded the Roman frontiers in 723 and 724. These allusions, however, really prove nothing definite respecting either the beginning or completion of the poem. The strongest point of evidence is one of a negative character. The temple of Janus was closed, for the third time in Roman history, from 725 to 727, and had any portion of the Georgics been written subsequently to the former of these dates, it is impossible that an event so unusual, and so creditable to the policy of the Empire, could have been unnoticed.

The only other consideration of importance to this inquiry is the question of the authenticity and meaning of the last eight lines of the fourth Georgic. Heyne considers them an addition by a later hand, on the supposition that the phrase *Fulminat ad Euphratem* cannot refer to any occurrence of so early a date as to merit an allusion in the poem. Martyn proposes to solve the difficulty by under-

* See note on the passage in the Translator's Commentary on the Georgics, Dublin, 1842.

standing the lines as referring to the preparations for a Parthian expedition in 731. All objections, however, may be removed by adopting the theory already applied to the lines, *Georgic* ii. 170, and observing that the emperor is still called *Cæsar*, and not *Augustus*, as he would be unquestionably designated in any lines written later than 727, when that title was conferred. It may be remarked, also, that the coincidence of the allusion to *Naples* with that in *Georgic* iv. 125 is regarded as a proof of the authenticity of this postscript, though in reality this is no evidence, for any interpolater, at any time, must have easily ascertained that the *Georgics* were written in the genial and silent *Parthenope*.

Though the *Æneid* is generally regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of the poet, it is upon the *Georgics*, the most finished poem in the Latin language after the *Odes* of *Horace*, that *Virgil's* claim to literary reputation must principally rest.

The composition of an epic poem would appear to have been a long-cherished design of *Virgil* (see *Ecl.* vi. 3), and to have been complacently remembered at intervals.

No national epic had yet appeared among the Romans, if we except "*The Punic War*" by *Nævius*, in the old *Saturnian* metre,* and a dialect which bore the same relation to the Latin of the Augustan age as that of *Chaucer* to the English of *Pope*, or the old *Provençal* of the *Troubadours* to the French of *Delavigne*; and two poems of

* The *Saturnian* line may be considered periodic, consisting of iamb. trim. cat. and troch. hemistich, or, two troch. dipodies with macronide.

Ennius and Lucretius: and various theories have been propounded as to the probable motive of the composition of the *Æneid*. Many of these hypotheses are ingenious, some extravagant, and all, perhaps, untrue.

Heyne and Forbiger consider the poem to be merely a compliment to the Julian family. Spence and Warburton regarded it as political, and written for the purpose of reconciling the Romans, who naturally sighed for the old democracy, to the new *regime*. But in any epic poem appearing at that time it would have been impossible to avoid allusions to or adulations of the imperial house; and the more natural and probable supposition is, that Virgil wrote the *Æneid* simply because the impulse or instinct of genius urged him to do so, and that a subject in which national superstition and national vanity were involved naturally suggested itself. In like manner it has been said that Homer's great epic is ethical, and Milton's religious; while the facts are, that Milton's motive was merely to write a poem upon a great subject, which was, however, coloured by the natural tendency of his mind, and the habits of thought familiar to the political party to which he belonged, and that the *Iliad* may be very fairly regarded as no less political than the *Æneid*. From the obvious resemblance of the principal characters in the *Æneid* to the most eminent political personages of the Augustan era, it has been inferred that the intention of the poet was to allegorize the events of his own time. This may be true to some extent; but as no writer of fiction, in any shape, can delineate any characters but such as have passed under his own observation, it is quite possible that, without actually designing a historical parallel, Virgil might have availed

himself of the results of personal experience. In tracing this resemblance, we find, in the first place, Augustus portrayed in the character of Æneas, with the same clear, judicious, calculating head, and the same icy heart,—a combination of qualities always commanding signal success in the various enterprises of life. Even the small personal vanities of the emperor, his fancied resemblance to Apollo, and his ridiculous affectation of possessing a superhuman power of eye which ordinary mortals dared not to encounter, are all embodied in the picture; but the most striking point of similitude lies in the fate of Dido, who plays the part of Cleopatra to the Octavian of Æneas. As in the one case the Egyptian, so in the other the Tyrian, queen fails to captivate, by all her usually successful powers of fascination, the cold heart of her treacherous admirer, longer than it suits his own political views to maintain the deception (see note on Æneid iv. 1). In the second place, we have the tender and heroic Antonius appearing in the character of Turnus, who, like his prototype, prides himself on his Hellenic lineage, and his descent from Hercules.

We have the confidential Agrippa in the inseparable Achates. Under the names of Latinus, Amata, and Livia, we can detect Lepidus, Fulvia, and Livia; Iapis representing the court physician, Antonius Musa, whose hydropathy, by the way, killed young Marcellus; Cicero, the Drances of his day, with all his stinging eloquence, his physical cowardice, and moral courage; and Horace, the "muse's votary, whose soul was ever minstrelsy and song," appearing incidentally as Cretheus.

The belief of the Romans in their Trojan descent was

the result of their total ignorance of the identity of their ancestors, who were really, as Livy represents them, a promiscuous convention of refugees from the several neighbouring states, who established themselves on the site of a ruined city, or, more probably, two cities. Among these predominated some representatives of a people dwelling on the coast of the Baltic, in Curishe Haf (whence the names Cures and Curetes), who spoke the old Prussian language, and were the direct ancestors of the Italian Sabines. This language, it may be observed, was the original basis of the Latin, and, descending from a common source, presented a strong affinity to Greek, to which it bore about the same analogy as the Irish language bears to the Welch.

The Oscans, the Casci, the Etrurians, and the Greek settlements in the south of Italy, also contributed their shares in the persons of those to whom any country was preferable to home; and it has been generally observed that such a mixture of races is the stock from which an energetic and powerful nation may be expected to arise. They certainly could not have been, as Niebuhr remarks, a recognised colony from any Italian city, for the right of intermarriage would not, in that case, have been refused; and, on the same principle, if the Albans were of Trojan origin, then the Romans certainly were not. The claim, however, was one of which the Romans were so tenacious that we find them protecting, as kinsmen and allies, the inhabitants of Ilium, a town in the Troad, which they believed to have arisen upon the ruins of ancient Troy.

Next to the tenderness and passion which Virgil handled

with such affecting power, his greatest merit is the *grace* which his hand left upon the Latin language. What Cicero effected for its prose, Virgil accomplished for its poetry; and, although in the works of preceding poets many detached passages of singular beauty may be found, yet, in the uniform and *haste* elegance of his language, he was theretofore, and probably ever since, unequalled. His immediate predecessor in poetry may be said to have been Lucretius; and still, in point of style and idiom, there are centuries between. Before Lucretius, the most eminent among the poets, as writers of epics, were, Ennius, from whom Virgil borrowed some lines and phrases; Nævius, who celebrated the first Punic war; and Livius Andronicus, who translated the *Odyssey*; but the language of the two latter is all but unintelligible.

He had, therefore, so far as his own national literature and epic poetry were concerned, a free and open field, where "no predecessor's footsteps wended down the gentle slope to Castalia."

It can be scarcely necessary to remark, that the *Æneid* consists of two equal and distinct parts: the one detailing the adventures of *Æneas* on his way from Phrygia to Italy; and the other describing the difficulties of his settlement in the promised land. In these, as may be anticipated, the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, respectively, are closely imitated, not merely in incidents, but in descriptive passages and minor phrases. In the speeches which occur incidentally, the tragic poets have suggested much of the spirit which pervades them; and if time had spared more of the Alexandrine poets, it is nearly certain that many contributions from the *sever* would be recognised.

It is a very general opinion that the interest of the poem declines in the last six books, suggested, most probably, by the greater monotony of these last books, which must appear especially tiresome after reading the *Iliad*; and by some objections which have been raised against the incidents of the plot, and which are founded upon the absence of any acquaintance between *Levinia* and *Æneas*, and the circumstances of the death of *Turnus*; in addition to the facts that, in the first half of the poem the sympathies of the reader are more readily enlisted in favour of the hero, and that, toward the end, we find less diversity and delineation of character.

In the first book of the *Æneid*, there have been enumerated as many as fifty-eight verbal imitations of Homer. The description of the storm, so repeatedly imitated by subsequent Roman poets, is borrowed from the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, and the scenery of the haven, where *Æneas* lands, has frequently exercised the ingenuity of commentators. Addison believes that Virgil had in view the Bay of Naples; others have suggested the Bay of Carthage as the prototype; and some have discovered a resemblance in the Bay of Tunis, which is, perhaps, nearer to the truth, if Virgil really intended a picture of any particular existing place.

Among many Homeric passages in this book, which is, perhaps, next to the second, the most interesting of the twelve, if we could divest ourselves of our school-boy reminiscences, the entrance of *Æneas* to Carthage, under the cloud, resembles very closely that of *Ulysses* into the palace of *Alcinous*. It may be observed, however, that in the description of the temple of *Juno* and its decorations

the poet loses sight of the heroic age, when there were no paintings, and borrows the details from the artistic works of his own time; in this instance most probably from the ornamental fixtures of the Temple of Mars, built and decorated by Augustus in the same year (29 B. C.) in which the gates of Janus were closed; or from those of the Pantheon of Agrippa, of which we are informed by Desgodetz, in his "*Edifices Antiques de Rome*," that the interior were "*de bronze Corinthien appliqué sur du bois*," and that the tympanum of the pediment was relieved in bronze figures. The circumstances of Dido's flight from Tyre are supposed to have been suggested by a similar event in the history of Cleopatra, when deposed by her brother Ptolemy.

The second book is a compilation of the post-Homeric history, supplied by the *ἱστορικὸν* of Arctinus, and the *ἱστορικὰ* of Lesches. Peisander is also named as a very probable source of the principal materials of the book, but this hypothesis is refuted by Heyne, who observes that, of the only two known poets of that name, one was the author of the "*E. racles*;" and the other, who lived in the reign of Severus, wrote only the "*Theogamia*." The story of Laocœon, which inspired the Rhodian sculptors with the conception of their celebrated *chef d'œuvre*, which in its turn animated the fancy of the Roman poet, appeared first in the works of Euphron of Alexandria. Among the many and diversified pictures of misery, devastation, and tenderness, that compose this book, and so powerfully enchain the interest and wake up the sympathies of the reader, one incident meets the view, standing like a blot on the canvass. While Æneas, with all the good hero-

son of a son and a father, brings Anchises and Ascanius safe through the blazing ruins, he leaves his wife to follow in the rear, and forgets her until it was too late to save.

The third book, compiled from the *nostoi* and some of the Cyclian poems, traces the footprints left by Ulysses on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. It may be observed, that the story of Polydorus is essentially post-Homeric, for in the twentieth book of the *Iliad* he is slain by Achilles. It would appear that the legend originated with some Cyclian poet, and was perpetuated by the tragedians in various forms; the version presented by Euripides being different in some important particulars from that adopted by Pacuvius. (See Horace, *Sat. II.*, iii. 61.)

The fourth book, from its necessary connection with the general design, can scarcely be considered, as it has been sometimes called, an episode. It contains, however, though not altogether according with our modern ideas of chivalry, one of the two best love stories in ancient literature, the other being the Hero and Leander of Musæus.

The cold indifference with which Æneas abandons the broken-hearted queen, who feels so sensitively his cruelty and her own degradation, is one of those deformities in the hero's character which incense the reader against his hypocrisy, and considerably enhance the effect of the powerful delineation of the indignation, the remorse, the agony, the despair, and imprecated vengeance of the "love-lorn" queen. Her soliloquy is unquestionably the most successful effort of the poet; and the prophetic prayer for a Hannibal "to scourge the Trojan emigrants with fire and

word," imparts all the effective interest of truth to a world of imagination. It must, of course, be obvious that the legends of Circe and Calypso, and the Medea of Apollonius Rhodius, suggested the leading incidents. Virgil has been accused, however, of trespassing beyond the bounds of poetic fiction, in bringing Dido and Æneas into company—the era of the foundation of Carthage by her being generally placed a few years before that of Rome, and three hundred from the capture of Troy. But Sir Isaac Newton vindicates the poet's accuracy, by moving back the period of the Tyrian migration sufficiently to synchronize the events.

The fifth book, which is of all the least interesting, and the least indispensable to the plot, is merely a transcript, slightly modified, of the twenty-third book of the Iliad. It will be observed, that in compliment to the predilections of the emperor, a boat-race and the tournament are substituted for the chariot-race and the single combat of Homer. We have also, upon the same principle, a flattering allusion to the *gens Attila*, to which Octavian was closely allied, his mother having been a daughter of M. Attius Balbus and Julia the sister of the dictator. The description of the robe, vv. 251, *seq.*, is supposed to have been, like many other of Virgil's descriptive passages, suggested by some ancient work of art. In Buonarrotti's "Medaglioni" may be seen the figure of a goddess in a dress of this description, illustrated by the remark—"Sole utine adornare e guardare" *estremate nelle vesti con ventriche di porpora,*" &c.

The sixth book has always commanded peculiar attention on the part of critics and commentators. The mys-

terrors, awe with which the preliminary ceremonies of the descent to Hades, and the shadowy scenery of the pale and sunless regions of the dead are invested, are painted in deeper shade even than that of Homer's *music*. It must be scarcely necessary to observe, that the whole description is generally believed to convey an idea of the formalities of the mysteries of Eleusis, which, under the name of the Search of Isis, was one of the solemn and mystic ceremonies of Egypt.

The golden branch which has been the subject of much antiquarian discussion, is supposed to typify the *caduceus*, or talismanic wand, the visible emblem of the unseen and spiritual power that opened admission to all such mysteries. Of the meaning of the two gates, no perfectly satisfactory explanation has ever been anywhere afforded. The origin of the legend, or the resolution of the fable, have never been illustrated by any plausible exposition. The return of Æneas, through the gate of the *falsa insomnia*, is regarded by Servius and Rœmus as an intimation that the whole scene is a fiction. This theory is most improbable, because most inconsistent with the seriousness and dignity of epic poetry. A more plausible solution of the difficulty is suggested by Bishop Warburton, who attaches the truth of the horn gate to the belief in a future state of existence; and the visionary but not *untrue* character of the ivory gate, to the *representation* of that after-life in the mysteries. This interpretation will be rendered still clearer by an examination of the phrases *falsa insomnia*, and its correlative *versus umbris*, of which the former may be very reasonably understood to signify merely "*visionary dreams*," i. e., dreams which are significant or prophetic of realities,—

fulsa being a usual epithet of *insomnia*,—and the latter, real or actual apparitions, such as might be visible to the waking sense.

This would be sufficiently satisfactory as far as it is applicable, but still leaves the gates themselves unexplained. The most remarkable, because original, feature in the whole narrative, is the blending of Platonic philosophy with recognised details, and particularly, the exposition of the very ancient Oriental doctrine of Pantheism.

The seventh book, in its deficiency of interest, presents rather a strong contrast to the preceding. Its most prominent features are the illustrations of the Græcising affectation, which had begun, a short time previously, to be fashionable with Roman authors. Græcian deities and legends are substituted for those of native growth, with a plausibility which the early colonization of the south of Italy by Greeks alone justifies.

It has been observed also, that the version of the legend of the Trojan settlement, given by Cato, varies considerably from that of Virgil. In the former, Anchises arrives in Italy, Laurentum is stormed, and Latinus killed. The catalogue will, of course, be recognised as an imitation, less diversified and methodical, of that in the second book of the *Iliad*. It contains, however, an interesting view of what was believed in the Augustan age respecting the ancient inhabitants of Italy. On this subject the student will find much valuable information in Heyne's "Excursus" on this book, and the Introductory Remarks in Niebuhr's *Lectures*. The various incidents are all transcribed from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The eighth book commemorates two ancient legends, which the Romans superstitiously cherished; that of the sow, which indicated to Æneas the site of his city; and that of the institution of the *ara maxima*.

The account which Dionysius has transmitted respecting the first of these, differs from that in the text. His tradition is, that when Æneas was about to sacrifice the animal, it ran from the shore and lay down upon a hill; that as the place seemed unsuitable, he hesitated to fulfil his part of the prediction, until his doubts were removed by a voice from the grove. This version of the story removes the difficulty presented by the words "*secreti ad fluminis undam*," which cannot, without some latitude, be understood as relating to Lavinium.

It may be naturally presumed, that comparisons would be instituted between the description of the shield of Æneas, and that of its model in the eighteenth of the Iliad. Gibbon's verdict on the question is, that "Virgil's description is the finer piece of poetry; Homer's, the juster representation of a work of art."

It may be remembered, however, that the subjects chosen by Virgil for the decoration of his shield are generally more appropriate to the purpose and occasion than those selected by Homer, whose twelve pictures relate to a variety of human occupations, typifying the twelve months of the year. It has been justly observed, that the allusion to the vindication of popular rights, in the expulsion of Mezentius, is inconsistent with the theory of the poetical tendency of the Æneid; but, on the hypothesis that Virgil may have had in view some of the events of his own time, the desertion of the Cæretes to the Trojans

interest was possibly have been suggested by that of the Gallatææ to the Cæsarean party on a critical emergency during the civil war.

The sixth book contains one of those episodes in which the delineation of the softer and more gentle traits of human nature exercises the poet's peculiar powers on a congenial theme. The pure and romantic friendship of two young men, who feel all that unselfish fervour of affection which belongs only to that age when the future is all bright and calm as a summer sunset; when the heart is yet unchilled by the vicissitudes of time, and the cruelty and treachery of the world; the age of high and flattering hope, of lofty aspirations, and nervous and impatient enthusiasm. Such is the theme which, in the tragic tale of Nisus and Euryalus, Virgil has embalmed for posterity, in all the imperishable essence of genius and poetry.

The tenth book opens with two very uninteresting speeches of Juno and Venus, who recriminate very much in the style of angry mortal women; and contains another of those "touches of nature" which constitute the chief beauty of the poem. The cold, heartless, tyrannical Mezentis, who owns no sympathy with heaven or earth, has yet one silken tie that binds him to humanity. Lausus feels that he is his father, and that the heart, so icy to all others, is warm to him. To save that father he rushes beneath the descending sword of an enemy, and so divides with him the involuntary interest of the reader.

The eleventh contains the death of Camilla, which is also elaborately embellished; but Camilla is so merciful a "straggler" that nobody ever hates her. The distress and

mental agony of Turnus, when removed from the fight by Juno's machinations, may, perhaps, represent the feelings of Antony, in his involuntary flight from Actium: and it has been also supposed that the challenge to single combat, which he soon after addressed to Augustus, may be also represented by that of Turnus to Æneas.

The twelfth book will, of course, forcibly remind the reader of the twenty-fourth of the *Iliad*. In the combat between Æneas and Turnus the interest of the reader is considerably abated by the knowledge of the certain success of the former; and all sympathy is enlisted for Turnus by his general character, his love for Lavinia, and the confidence which Æneas derives from his knowledge of the Fates.

In addition to the *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid*, some minor poems have been attributed to Virgil. It is not very probable that he was the author of those called *Catalecta* and *Epigrammata*: of the *Priapeia* he certainly was not; for no other poet has so carefully avoided any indeelicacy of thought or expression. The *Alina* has been, with more probability, ascribed to Cornelius Severus. The *Direx* is generally attributed to Valerius Cato; and the *Cupa* (an invitation to a revel) to Septimius Serenus. The *Morietum*, *Culex*, and *Ciris* were probably written by Virgil; of these, the first is a description of the process of compounding a mixed dish (*μεικτόν τροφήν*), used by the peasantry of that age. The second is a mock heroic poem commemorating the accidental slaughter of a gnat which had awakened a sleeper just in time to escape the fangs of a snake, the apparition of its ghost to the murderer, and the expiatory funeral obsequies of the gnat: and the *Ciris* is a

versified narrative of the transformation of the unfilial Scylla, who betrayed her father to her lover. These, if written by Virgil, must, according to internal evidence, have been his very earliest compositions.

Z. B. O.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK 1.

1. ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~who~~, ~~exiled~~ ~~by~~ ~~Fate~~ ~~from~~ ~~Troy's~~ ~~shores~~, ~~first~~ ~~came~~ ~~to~~ ~~Italy~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Lavinian~~ ~~coast~~. ~~Long~~ ~~was~~ ~~he~~ ~~driven~~ ~~over~~ ~~land~~ ~~and~~ ~~sea~~, ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~influence~~ ~~of~~ ~~heaven~~, ~~for~~ ~~cruel~~ ~~Juno's~~ ~~unforgiving~~ ~~wrath~~. ~~Sorely~~ ~~in~~ ~~war~~, ~~too~~, ~~was~~ ~~he~~ ~~afflicted~~, ~~while~~ ~~founding~~ ~~a~~ ~~city~~, ~~and~~ ~~establishing~~ ~~his~~ ~~gods~~ ~~in~~ ~~Latium~~, ~~whence~~ ~~came~~ ~~the~~ ~~Latin~~ ~~people~~, ~~the~~ ~~Alban~~ ~~elders~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~walls~~ ~~of~~ ~~imperial~~ ~~Rome~~. ~~Recount~~ ~~for~~ ~~me~~, ~~my~~ ~~Muse~~, ~~the~~ ~~causes~~: ~~what~~ ~~deity~~ ~~outraged~~; ~~or~~, ~~how~~ ~~aggrieved~~, ~~the~~ ~~Queen~~ ~~of~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~doomed~~ ~~a~~ ~~hero~~, ~~eminent~~ ~~for~~ ~~tenderness~~, ~~to~~ ~~encounter~~ ~~so~~ ~~many~~ ~~adventures~~, ~~to~~ ~~undergo~~ ~~so~~ ~~many~~ ~~hariships~~. ~~Lives~~ ~~there~~ ~~such~~ ~~anger~~ ~~in~~ ~~immortal~~ ~~spirits~~!

There was an ancient city—Tyrian emigrants were its inhabitants—Carthage, far away, opposite Italy and the Tiber's mouth, rich in resources and formidable in military discipline, which Juno is said to have patronised most fondly above all the earth; for Samos was a second favourite:—here lay her arms; here stood her chariot: this the goddess even then purposed and zealously longed to make the seat of empire among the nations, should the Fates, by any possibility, assent; but again, she had learned that a race was flowing down from Trojan blood, that should one day raze her Tyrian towers; that from these a nation should arise, boundless of sway, and triumphant in war, for the ruin of Libya—for that such was the course of the Fates. Saturnia, dreading this, and remembering the long fought war which she, most of any, had waged upon Troy for her chosen Greeks—not even yet had the motives of her anger and her deep resentment faded from her

breast. the verdict of Paris, and the insult to her slighted beauty dwells deep-rooted in her memory; her hatred of the race, and the honours of the stolen Ganymede. Incensed by these remembrances, she was repelling, far from Latium, the Trojans drifted over the wide sea, unexterminated by the Greeks and unpitied Achilles, and many years were they wandering, persecuted by Fate, through every sea. So arduous was the task to build up the Roman state.

44. Scarcely were they crowding sail, in joyful haste, from view of Sicily into the deep, and cleaving with their brazen prow the salt foam, when Juno, nursing her undying hate within her breast, thus communed with herself: "That I should be baffled and retire from my purpose, and fail to exclude the Trojan king from Italy! Because I am forbidden by the Fates? Could Pallas fire the Grecian fleet, and engulf the men in the deep, for the mad guilt of Ajax Oileus alone? Casting, with her own hand, Jove's intense fire from the clouds, she dispersed the ships and upturned the waters with a tempest: him, while he breathed fire from his riven breast, she caught up in a whirlwind, and dashed upon a pointed rock, while I, who walk the Queen of gods, the sister and the consort of Jove, am waging war with one people for so many years! And will any henceforth pray to Juno's godhead, or, as a worshipper, lay an offering upon her altar?"

50. Thus silently debating in her impassioned heart, the goddess arrived in *Æolia*, the home of the tempests, a region teeming with chafing winds. Here king *Æolus*, by virtue of his royalty, confines the rebellious winds and deep-voiced storms in a spacious cavern, and curbs them by imprisonment and chains. They impatiently roar around their dungeon with deep rumbling, as of a mountain. *Æolus* is throne'd upon a lofty peak, sceptre in hand, and calms their passions and controls their fury. Did he not, they would, of course, take with them in their flight seas and lands, and the steep heavens, and sweep them through the air. But the Almighty Father apprehending this, bid them in sunless caves, and piled above a mass of lofty mountains. A king also he gave them, who, by unvarying laws, should know how to constrain, and, when authorized, to give them freedom uncontrolled. To him then Juno addressed these suppliant words: "*Æolus*—for to thee the Father of gods and King of men has given to calm the billows and raise them by the storm—a nation whom I hate are embarked upon the *Tyrrhene* sea, conveying to Italy, them

and his conquered gods. Awake the fury of the winds, and sink their fringed galleys, or disperse and strew their bodies on the deep! I have twice seven nymphs of peerless beauty; the fairest of these, Deiopea, I will unite to you in irrevocable wedlock, and bestow for ever; that for such a service she may spend with you all time, and make you father of a race of beauty."

76. Æolus, thus in answer: "Thy task be it, O Queen, to consider what you would have done: my duty is to execute thy orders. It is you who bestow all I possess of royalty, my sceptre, and Jove's protection. You grant me a seat at the banquet of the gods, and make me lord of the storms and the weather." When he had so spoken, with his inverted sceptre he cleft inward the hollow mountain's side; and the winds, as in a marshalled band, issue where a vent was given, and sweep the earth in an eddy. They spent their strength upon the sea, and all at once Eurus and Notus, and Africus, with his fitful blast, plough it all up from its lowest depths, and heave the long billows to the land. The cries of men ensue, and the creaking of cordage: clouds suddenly intercept the sky and daylight from the Trojans' view: a night of darkness lies upon the water: the poles thunder, and ether blazes with quick flashes; and all forebodes instant death to the heroes.

92. On the moment, the limbs of Æneas are unnerved by terror, he groans, and uplifting his clasped hands to heaven, thus speaks aloud: "O thrice and four times happy, whose doom it was to fall before your father's eyes by Troy's high walls! O Tydides, mightiest of the Grecian race, could I not have sunk upon the Ilian plain, and yielded up my life beneath thy hand, where the dauntless Hector is laid low by the sword of Æacides, where great Sarpedon lies, where Simois rolls on, submerged, so many a shield and helmet, and stalwart body of heroes."

102. While he thus exclaimed, a roaring blast from the north-west strikes full upon the sail, and flings the waves to the stars. ☉ The oars are shivered; then the prow falls away, and gives a broad side to the sea. A broken mountain-wave descends in a mass. Some tremble on the crest of the billow; to others, the yawning deep opens the bottom between the waves: the surf is mingled with the sands. Three ships the south wind casts drifting upon sunken rocks—the rocks in the mid-sea which the Italians call "The Ahars"—a long vessel on the level of the sea. Three the east wind impels with

the shoals and quicksands—a piteous sight!—and dashes upon the shallows, and imbeds upon a sand-bank. One, that bore the Lycians and the trusty Orontes, a heavy sea from above strikes on the stern before his eyes: the coxswain is washed over, and carried headlong down. But the ship itself the sea bore whirling round again and again upon the spot, and the swift eddy engulfs her in the deep. They run to view, floating here and there upon the watery waste; men's arms, and planks, and Troy's treasure upon the waves. Now the strong galley of Ilioneus, and of the brave Achates, and those in which Abas and old Aletes sailed, the storm bore down: through the open seams of their planks they all take in the fatal water, and leak through the chinks.

124. Meanwhile, Neptune felt the sea troubled with a mighty tumult; a storm let loose, and the waters upturned from their moveless depths. In deep emotion, and looking out upon the sea, he raised his seething head above the surface. He finds the fleet of Æneas dispersed upon the wide sea, and the Trojans overwhelmed by the billows and the confusion of the elements; nor were the treachery and spite of Juno a secret to her brother. He summons to him Eurus and Zephyrus, and then thus addresses them: "And did such pride of birth possess you? Do you even presume, ye winds, without my sanction, to convulse heaven and earth, and awaken such a storm? Whom I—but it were best to calm the angry waters. Your future offences you shall expiate for me with far different atonement. Speed your flight, and bear this message to your king: Not to him, but me, the sovereignty of the deep and the dread trident have been allotted. He owns the savage rocks, your home, Eurus; in that palace let Æolus play the monarch, and reign within the barred prison of the winds.

142. So he spoke; and swifter than speech he smooths the heaving waters, dissipates the thronging clouds, and restores the light. Cymothoe, and with her Tritons zealous in their work, ease off the ships from the shelving rocks. He helps them himself with his trident, cleaves the wide quicksands, and pacifies the deep, and in his floating chariot skims the surface of the waters. And, as when a commotion often breaks out among a numerous people, and the low rabble grow wild in their excitement, and even firebrands and stones are flying—fury furnishes the weapons—then, should they chance to see a man venerable for humanity and public services, they are hushed, and stand by with listening ears. He sways their

passions by his eloquence, and calms their feelings. So subsided all the tumult of the deep, when the father, looking out upon the waters, and speeding through the cloudless air, guided his steeds, and, as he flew, shook out the reins upon his gliding car.

157 The toil-spent Trojans strive to make the nearest land, and steer for the coast of Libya. A place there is within a deep recess; an island forms a haven with its jutting headlands, upon which every sea from the deep is broken, and flows, divided, into sheltered bays. On both sides arise massive rocks, and two cliffs tower to the sky, under whose summit the wide waters are safe and silent. Then a curtain of waving foliage, and a dark grove of gloomy shade, bends over from above. Under its seaward brow lies a cavern of arched rocks, and within, a fresh fountain, and seats of natural stone—a bower of the nymphs. Here no balsams hold the sea-beaten barques, no anchor moors them with its barbed tooth. Here Æneas puts in with seven galleys, saved from all his number, and, disembarking through an earnest longing for the land, the Trojans occupy the welcome shore, and recline their sea-drenched bodies on the beach. And first, Achates struck fire from a flint, caught the spark in the leaves, heaped the dry fuel around it, and fanned up a blaze amid the pile. Then, weary of the world, they unpack their gear damaged by the sea, and the implements of Ceres, and prepare to dry by the fire, and grind in a quern, the rescued grain.

180. Meanwhile Æneas climbs an eminence, and takes a wide survey of the sea; if he might descrie Antheus drifting before the storm, the Phrygian biremes, or the arms of Calvus on the lofty sterns. No ship in view, but three masts he observes straying on the beach; these the whole herds follow in the rear, and the long drove are browsing through the valleys. Hereupon he stood and seized a bow and winged arrows, weapons which the trusty Achates used to wear, and first brought down the leaders, with lofty heads and branching antlers; then the multitude and the whole flock he pursued with missiles, and dispersed amid the shady woods; and chased on until he successfully laid upon the earth seven large carcasses, and equalled their number with the ships. He then repairs to the haven, and divides them among all his friends. The hero next distributes the wine which the generous Achates had stored in casks upon the Sicilian shore, and given them at parting, and speaks consolation to their drooping hearts.

198. " My comrades—for we are no strangers to the hard ships of the past—you, who have suffered weightier sorrow, to these, too, the Deity will set a limit. You have visited the rabid Scylla and her deep-echoing caverns; the Cyclops' cave you have also known. Call back your fortitude, and cast away desponding tears! These memories, too, may one day be a pleasure. Through various adventures, and all these hazards of fortune, we are steering for Latium, where the Fates promise us a home of peace. There it is predestined that Troy's supremacy shall once more arise. Be strong, and reserve yourselves for fortune." So he spoke, and, heart-sickened by oppressive sorrows, looks the counterfeit of hope, and buries his dejection deeply in his breast. They apply themselves to their booty and the coming feast: strip the hides from the limbs, and lay bare the flesh; some cut them into joints and fix them, still quivering, on spits; others set up the cauldrons on the beach, and kindle fires. Then with food they recruit their strength, and, reclining on the grass, enjoy the old wine and fat venison.

216. When hunger was appeased by the repast, and dishes were removed, they mourn their lost friends in lingering conversation, undecided between hope and fear; whether they should believe them still alive, or suffering the worst and last, and that when called, they could hear no more for ever. Most of all, the sympathizing Æneas sighs now for the fall of the valiant Orontes, now for Amycus; and mourns in silence the tragic fate of Lycus, the brave Gyas, and Cleonobus. And now all was over: when Jupiter, from the depths of æther, surveying the navigable sea, the outspread lands, the shores and populous nations, stood in such attitude on heaven's verge, and cast his eyes on Libya's realms: and as he reviewed such thoughts within his breast, Venus, unassuagely sad, and dimming her lustrous eyes with tears, addressed him: " O thou, who rulest with immortal sway, and appelest with thy thunder the worlds of men and gods, what so grave offence against thee could my Æneas and the Trojans have committed; from whom, afflicted by so many sorrows, the whole world's orb is barred for sake of Italy? You promised, save, that hence would rise, in coming time, the Roman conquerors from the restored lineage of Teucer, to sway with power unlimited the ocean and the land. Father, what motive changes thee? With this promise I was compensating the fall and sad desolation of Troy, weighing our adverse with our better fates. Still the same

ill fortune clings round the heroes persecuted by so many sorrows. What end of their afflictions, mighty King, dost thou grant? Antenor, passing unharmed through surrounding Greeks, could safely enter the Illyrian gulf, and the remnant rears of the Liburni, and cruise by the head of the Timavus, whence a foamy tide issues with a deep roar as of a mountain, and sweeps the plains with echoing flood. Here, however, he fixed the city of Patavium, and the home of the Trojans, gave to his people a name, and set up the arms of Troy. He now lies sleeping in unbroken peace. We, our own descendants, whom you beckon to the heights of heaven—our ships pitifully lost—are forsaken through the enmity of one, and severed far from the Italian shores. Can such be the reward of our allegiance? Do you thus restore us to our power?

254. Smiling on her with that look whereby he calms the tempests of the sphere, he gently pressed his daughter's lips, and then replied: "Forbear your fears, my Cythera, the fates of thy people stand unchanged. You shall behold the city of Lavinium and its promised walls, and shall exalt to the starry heaven the heroic Æneas, no motive changes me. He—for I shall explain to you, and since this anxiety pains thee, peering far into the future, shall unfold the mysteries of Fate—shall wage a sanguinary war in Italy, shall crush proud nations, and establish a government and a city for his people, until the third summer shall have witnessed his reign in Latium, and three winters passed away from the conquest of the Rutuli. But the young Ascanius, on whom the title of Iulus is bestowed,—Iulus he was, while the Ilian sceptre was strong in its supremacy,—shall fill with his reign thirty great cycles of rolling months, and remove the seat of power from Lavinium, and hold Alba Longa with strength impregnable. Here a man rarely shall last through full three hundred years beneath a Trojan family; until a royal princess, Iliæ, pregnant by Mars, shall produce double offspring at a birth. Then shall Numa, proud of the dun hide of the wolf, his name, next rule the nation, found a city of Mars, and after his own name call them Romans. To their power I assign no limit of space or time. Empire without end have I given them. Even the ungentle Juno, who now vexes with her jealousy the land, and sea, and heaven, shall bend her purposes to better ends, and protect, as I shall, the Romans, the lords of the world, and the people of the toga. So it is fated. There shall come an age, as years flow on, when the house of Ascanius shall trample

into slavery Puthia and the great Mycenæ, and 's master of the subject Greeks. A Trojan of high lineage shall be born, Cæsar, who shall measure his empire by the ocean, his renown by the stars; Julius, a name transmitted from the great Iulus. Him you shall, in time to come, serenely welcome to the skies, enriched with the spoils of the East. He, too, shall be invoked in prayer. The barbarous ages shall grow gentle and abandon arms. Primeval honour, Vesta, Quirinus, with his brother Remus, shall make laws. The frowning gates of war shall be closed with moveless iron bolts. The unnatural fury within, enthroned upon his deadly arms, and pinioned with countless brazen chains, shall roar hideously with gory mouth."

297. Thus he spoke, and sent down Maia's son from the steep heaven, that the realm and towers of new Carthage may be hospitably opened to the Trojans, lest Dido, ignorant of fate, may exclude them from her frontiers. He flies through the vast air upon his oary wings, and swiftly lighted on the coast of Libya. Now he executes his mission, and the Phœnicians forget their inhuman thoughts as the Deity commands. Above all, the Queen conceives peaceful intentions and a generous purpose towards the Trojans. Yet the gentle Æneas, pondering anxiously during the night, resolved, soon as the genial dawn was shed, to go forth, and examine the strange land, the shores where he had landed in the storm, to ascertain who possessed them, men or beasts—for he beholds a wilderness—and report the result to his companions. He conceals his fleet within the darkness of a grove, beneath a caverned rock, fenced round by trees and frowning shades, and proceeds in person, followed only by Achates, grasping in his hand two broad-headed lances. To him, then, his mother showed herself in the mid forest, wearing the form and costume of a virgin, and the arms of a Spartan maid; even like the Thracian Harpalyce, urging her steeds, and outrunning the fleet Eurus in her course. For she had hung, in hunting fashion, a light bow upon her shoulders, and gave her hair to float upon the wind, unkirtled from the knees, and her flowing robes kilted with a belt, then, first to speak: "Ho youths," she said, "say if you have haply seen any of my sisters straying hither, dressed with a quiver and the spotted lynx hide, or loudly urging the chase of the foaming bear?"

326. Thus Venus, and thus in turn the son of Venus spoke: "None of thy sisters has been heard or seen by me. Whom

shall I call thee, maiden? for thy presence is not of earth, nor does thy voice sound human. A goddess, sure; whether the sister of Phœbus, or one of the sisterhood of nymphs? Be propitious, and, whoever thou be, alleviate our sorrow! And inform us under what clime, and on what region of the earth we are cast. Strangers to the people and the place, we wander, impelled hither by the winds and giant waves. Many a victim shall fall before thy altars by our hands." Then Venus: "For me, I aspire not to such an honour. It is the fashion of the Tyrian maids to wear a quiver, and encircle their ankles with a high buskin. You behold a Punic realm Tyrians, and a city of Aœnor; but the territory is Libyan: the people invincible in war. Dido, an emigrant from the city Tyre, holds the sceptre, fleeing her brother. Tedious her wrongs, and long the narrative; but I shall trace the general heads of the transaction. Her consort was Sychæus, the wealthiest landlord in Phœnicia, and loved with deep affection by the hapless lady. To him her father had given her, a maid, and joined them at her first bridal. But her brother Pygmalion swayed the realm of Tyre, remorseless in crime beyond all others: and between them there arose a feud. He, unnatural, and blinded by the greed of gold, unseen, assassinates the unwary Sychæus at the altar, reckless of his sister's love, and for a time concealed the deed, and with deep and cruel treachery amused her desponding love with empty hope. But in a dream there came the spectre of her unburied husband, raising his form, supernaturally pale, unveiled the deadly altar and his breast cloven by the sword, and disclosed all the tragic mystery of the court. Then he counsels her to expedite her flight, and quit her native land; and, to aid the expedition, reveals long-buried treasures, an unsuspected weight of gold and silver. Aroused by this, Dido prepared her departure and her friends. All combine, who felt intense hatred of the tyrant, or quickening fear. They man the ships which happened to be ready, and freight them with their gold. The wealth of covetous Pygmalion is wafted over sea. A woman the leader of the enterprise. They landed on the spot where you shall just now behold the ramparts, and the rising towers of new Carthage, and purchased a plain—Byrsa, from the name of the event—so much as they could cover with an ox-hide. But who at all are you? or from what country are you come? Whither do you point your course?" To such inquiry he answered with a sigh, heaving his voice from his bosom's depth.

372. "Goddess, were I to proceed and trace them from their earliest birth, and were you free to hear the records of our sufferings, sooner would the star of evening close the day in the darkened heaven. From ancient Troy—if Troy's name has chanced to fall upon thy ear—wafted through distant seas, a tempest, in its usual course, drove us on the Libyan coast. I am the gentle Æneas, who bring with me in my fleet my Penates, rescued from the foe, known by character beyond the stars. I look for Italy, my home. My descent from Jupiter supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked upon the Phrygian sea, my goddess mother marking out my course, following my promised fortune: scarce seven survive, shattered by waves and wind. Myself unknown, helpless, I roam a Libyan wilderness, expelled from Europe and Asia." Awaiting no further complaint, Venus thus broke in upon his sad recital:

387. "Whoever you be, you breathe the vital air, not unfavoured, I deem, by heaven, in coming to a Tyrian city. Proceed merely, and take your way hence to the Queen's palace: for I announce to you saved companions, and your fleet restored and wafted into safety by a change of wind, if credulous parents have not vainly taught the augur's art. Behold twice six swans, in joyful companionship, which the bird of Jove, swooping from the æthereal space, pursued through the wide air: now, in a lengthened row, they seem to choose a resting-place, or survey it from above, already chosen. As they now safe gambled with whirring wings, circle the heaven in a flock, and utter cries of joy,—in such wise your galleys, and your youthful friends, either occupy the haven or gain the estuary, in full sail. Proceed only, and direct your steps where the path conducts you." She spoke, and as she turned away displayed the radiance of her glowing bosom, and her ambrosial tresses shed celestial perfume from her head; her robe fell flowing to her feet, and in her motion the true goddess was concealed. He, when he recognised his mother, pursued her, as she left him, with these words: "Why so often, thou, like all unkind, mock thy son in borrowed form? Why is it not granted to clasp hand in hand, and to hear and answer undissembled words?" So he remonstrates, and binds his footsteps to the city.

411. But Venus veiled them, as they went, in impenetrable cloud, and cast around them a thick vesture of darkness, that none may see or feel them, or cause impediment, or question the motives of their visit. She soared on high to Paphos, and, joyful, revisited her home, where stood her temple, and count-

bees altars blaze with Sabæan incense, and breathe the odour of fresh garlands. Meanwhile they expedite their way, where the path guides them, and were now ascending the hill that towers high above the city, and commands from above the fortresses in front. Æneas gazes on the structures, awhile huts; gazes upon the gateways, the busy throngs, and levelled streets. The Tyrians are earnest at their work: here they raised their walls, designed a fortress, and heaved up mounds by strength of hand; there they chose a building site, and marked it with a trench. They are electing judges and magistrates, and a venerable senate. Here, some are dredging out a harbour; here, others lay the deep foundations of a theatre, and chisel from the rock tall columns, lofty decorations of the future stage. Such the industry, that in the opening summer, along the flowery plains, employs the bees beneath the sunshine, when they lead forth the full-grown swarms of the tribe, or store the streaming honey, and pack sweet nectar in the cells, or receive the burdens of their coming friends, or, combining, banish from the hives the drones, a lazy set. The work goes warmly on, and the odorous honey breathes the strong fragrance of the thyme. "O happy ye, whose walls already rise," Æneas exclaims, while looking round upon the buildings of the city. He enters amid the throng, surrounded in the midst,—wonderful to tell!—and walks among the people, but visible to none.

441. In the centre of the city was a grove of richest foliage, where first the Phœnicians, harassed by waves and tempest, dug up an emblem to which the royal Juno had guided them—a fiery charger's head—for so it was foreboded that the nation should be eminent in war, and productive in substance during time. Here Sidonian Dido was raising a great shrine to Juno, rich in offerings and the protection of the goddess. Its brazen portals and jointed brazen beams stood high on steps. Its brazen doors grated on their hinges. In this grove a strange appearance first calmed his apprehensions. Here first Æneas ventured to hope for safety, and trust more firmly in his ruined fortunes; for while he surveys all successively beneath the ample dome, awaiting the Queen; while he is impressed by the prosperity of the city, and admires while he compares the skill of artisans and the elaborate works, he finds the Trojan battles in a series, and his wars publicly notorious through the world's extent; the Atreids, and Priam, and Achilles fatal to both. He paused, and weeping, said:

* What place, Achaëa, what country upon earth is now uninterested in our sorrows? See Priam! even here glory finds its recompense, here is sympathy for suffering, and human feelings move the heart! Dismiss your fears; this notoriety must bring some safety." So he speaks, and feeds his fancy on the lifeless painting, sighing deeply, and bathes his eyes in gushing tears. For he saw here how the Greeks, warring around Pergamus, were giving way, while the youth of Troy pursued; there the Phrygians fled, and the crestèd Achilles followed in his car. Not far distant, he recognised, while he wept, the camp of Rhæsus by its snowy tents, which the sanguinary Tydides surprised in their first slumber and desolated with wild slaughter, and drove away the high-mettled chargers to the camp, ere they could taste the pasture of Troy and drink of the Xanthus. In another place, Troilus, retreating when he lost his shield—ill-fated youth, and unfairly matched against Achilles!—is borne off by his horses and hangs reclining from his empty car, still grasping the reins; his neck and streaming hair are trailing on the plain, and the dust is furrowed by the inverted lance. Meanwhile the Ilian dames were walking with unbanded hair to the temple of unfriendly Pallas, and in suppliant sadness beating their bosoms with their hands, were offering the robe. The offended goddess bent her eyes upon the earth. Thrice round Troy's walls had Achilles drawn Hector, and was selling his lifeless body for gold. At that moment he heaved a piteous sigh from his bosom's depth, when he saw the spoils, when the chariot, when even the body of his friend, and Priam uplifting his unarmed hands. Himself too he recognised, mingled with the Grecian chiefs, the eastern hosts, and the black Memnon's arms. Ardent Penthesilea leads on her bands of Amazons with crescent shields, and blazes in the midst of thousands, clasping her bare bosom with a golden belt,—a maiden warrior,—and dares, a virgin, to encounter men.

494. While these wondrous scenes are surveyed by Dardanian Æneas, while he wonders, and lingers in the same fixed gaze, Dido the queen, most lovely in her beauty, advances to the temple, a numerous retinue of youths attending. In such guise Diana leads the dances on Eurôtas' banks, or down the heights of Cynthus, and, attending her, the countless Grææ throng around. She wears a quiver on her shoulder, and walks the loftiest of all the goddesses. Joy thrills through Latona's silent breast. Like her was Dido, like her she moved or

proudly through them all, urging the structure of her future kingdom. Then within the portals of the golden, in the temple's central dome, fenced round with arms, and resting on a high-raised throne, she sat. She was dispensing justice and laws among the people, and distributing the duties of the works in even shares, or disposing them by lot; when suddenly Æneas sees approaching, mid a numerous crowd, Antenor, Sergestus, and the brave Cleanthus, and other Trojans, whom the dark tempest had scattered on the seas, and driven far away to other shores. He stood amazed, and at the same moment Achates too was moved by joy and fear. Eagerly they longed to grasp their hands; but facts yet unexplained unnerve their resolution: they rest in their concealment, and robed in the hollow cloud they wait to know what may be the reception of the heroes, on what shore they left their ships, why they came: for, chosen deputies from all the fleet were there to beg indulgence, and with loud voices advancing to the temple.

520. Soon as they entered, and leave to speak in royal presence was accorded, Ilioneus, the leader, with courteous mien, thus spoke: "O Queen, to whom Jupiter has granted to be the founder of a new city, and by thy justice to control these savage tribes: we, forlorn Trojans, tempest-tost through every sea, entreat thee. Repel the fatal fire from our ships, befriend an upright people, and look with sympathy upon our case. We are not come to desolate your Libyan home-gods with the sword, or drive the rifled plunder to the shore. There is no such mischief in our purpose, nor dwells such cruelty with the vanquished. There is a place—Greeks know it by the name *Hesperia*—an ancient land, famous for arms and a fertile soil. The *Æoltri* were its first inhabitants; since then, tradition says that later men have named it Italy, after their chieftain's name. Hither was our destination: when stormy Orion, rising with a sudden tempest, cast us upon the treacherous shoals, and scattered us far away by the insulting winds, through waves where surf broke over us, and trackless rocks. A few of us have drifted hither to your shores. What race of men are these, or what so savage nation sanctions this usage? We are forbidden a lodging on the sand; they provoke the strife, and prevent our standing on the margin of the land. Though you defy mankind and mortal power, expect the gods at least to care for right and wrong. We had a king, Æneas, thus whom no other was more upright in his virtue — — —

glorious in war and arms. If Fate preserves this hero : if he lives upon the air of heaven, we fear nothing, nor shall you regret a rivalry in generosity. We have cities also in the Sicilian territory, forests, and the famed Acestes of Trojan birth. Permit us to draw up our tempest-shattered barques, to select timbers from the forest, and to fashion ours ; in case it be our fortune—our comrades and our King restored—to steer on for Italy, that we may gladly make for Italy and Latium : but if our hopes be intercepted, and the Libyan sea engulphs these, best father of the Teucri, and the promise of Iulus lives no more, let us at least repair to the Sicilian Straits, and our established home, whence we have sailed hither, and our King Acestes." So spoke Ilioneus, and all the Trojans murmured their unanimous assent.

360. Then Dido briefly spoke, with downcast eyes : " Dispel your bosom's fears, ye Trojans ; banish your anxiety. My perilous position and my kingdom's infancy oblige me to adopt such measures, and secure my distant frontier with a guard. Who can be ignorant of the Trojan people, or the city Troy ; their heroism, their heroes, and the havoc of so fierce a war ? We Phœnicians bear not hearts so hard ; nor does the sun yoke his steeds so distant from our Tyrian city. Whether your choice be the great Hesperia and Saturnian plains, or the lands of Eryx, and their King Acestes, I shall dismiss you in the security of my protection, and assist you with my wealth. Would you even settle in this realm with me ? The city which I am raising is yours. Draw up your ships. Trojan and Tyrian shall be esteemed by me without a difference, and I would that your King Æneas, driven by the same storm, himself were here ! I shall, on my part, send trusty envoys along the coast, and bid them traverse the far ends of Libya, in case he may be straying, cast ashore, through forest or through city."

380. Re-animating by these words, the brave Achates and father Æneas already longed to dissipate the cloud. Achates first to speak, accosts Æneas : " What thought now, goddess-born, rises in your breast ? You see that all are safe ; friends and fleet restored. One whom we saw ourselves overwhelmed in the waves alone is absent. All else accords with your mother's prediction." He had but spoken, when the ambient cloud disperses and vanishes into transparent air. Ennius stood still, and shone out in the clear light, his head and shoulders like a god ; for his mother had herself breathed upon her son

the brilliant glow of youth, and on his eyes an animated beauty. Such grace can art bestow on ivory; or when silver, or the Parian stone, is framed in ruddy gold.

591. Then thus he accosts the Queen, and, previously unseen by all, he says: "Here, I am present whom you seek, Æneas of Troy, saved from Libya's waves. O thou who hast alone had pity for Troy's unutterable woes, who wouldst share thy city and thy home with us, a remnant from the Greeks, toil-spent by every accident of land and sea, destitute of all;—to offer a due recompense lies not in our power, Dido, nor of all that live of Trojan race, now scattered through the wide world. May the gods—if any power regards the generous—if there be anywhere aught of justice, and the conscious feelings of the virtuous—bring thee thy merited reward. What time so happy as to send thee, what parents so noble as to produce thee as thou art? While rivers flow to ocean, while shadows move round mountain-sides, while Heaven feeds the stars,—so long honour for thee; thy name, thy virtues shall remain, whatever land invite me." So speaking, he grasps his friend Ilioneus with his right hand, and Sergestus with his left; then the others, the brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus.

613. Sidonian Dido gazed astonished; first at his presence, then at the strange adventures of the hero; and thus in words addressed him: "What fate, goddess-born, haunts thee through such appalling dangers? What power casts thee on this barbarous land? Art thou the Æneas whom the benign Venus bore to Dardanian Anchises, by the stream of Phrygian Simois? I remember, too, that Teucer came to Sidon, exiled from his native land, seeking a new settlement under favour of Belus. My father, Belus, then was conquering wealthy Cyprus, and held it with a victor's power. Ever since that time the fate of Troy has been known to me, thy name also, and the Grecian chiefs. Himself an enemy, he extolled the Trojans with peculiar praise, and was proud of his descent from the ancient stock of the Teucri. Wherefore, youths, come and enter our abode. Us, likewise, borne on through many sufferings, a like reverse of fortune doomed to rest upon this land. Familiar with misfortune, I learn to sympathise with sorrow."

631. So she speaks: and while she conducts Æneas to the palace, commands a festival in the temples of the gods. She also, in the mean time, sends to his companions on the shore a gift of twenty heads, a hundred large bristly swine, a hundred fatted lambs, with their dams, and with these the joyous

liquor of the god. But the inner palace was furnished gorgeously in regal style, and they laid the banquet in the central hall. Tapestry elaborately wrought of glowing purple; dishes of massive plate; and chased on gold, the valiant exploits of their fathers: a lengthened chronicle of history descending through so many heroes from the cradle of the ancient race.

643. *Æneas*—for paternal love suffered not his thoughts to rest—sends on *Achates* speeding to the ships, to bear these tidings to *Ascanius*, and bring him to the city. Every thought of his fond father centered in *Ascanius*. Presents, too, he ordered him to bring, rescued from *Troy's* ruins: a robe stiff with golden figures, and a veil bordered with saffron acanthus; garments of the Argive *Helen*, which she had brought from *Mycenæ*, when coming to *Pergamus* and her unhallowed bridal, her mother *Leda's* wondrous gift; a sceptre, also, which *Ilionë*, *Priam's* eldest daughter, held; a pearl-strung necklace, and diadem double-wrought of gold and jewels. Speeding on this commission, *Achates* bent his way towards the ships.

657. Still *Cytherea* meditates new plans, new measures in her breast; that *Cupid*, changing face and form, should come instead of dear *Ascanius*, and by his gifts inflame the amorous Queen, and insinuate the fire through her frame, because she fears the treacherous race and double-tongued *Tyrians*. Relentless *Juno* haunts her thoughts, and with the night her cares return again; and so, in these words, she calls the winged *Cupid*: "My son, my strength, my mighty influence, my son who canst alone defy the *Typhoean* weapons of the Almighty Father; to thee I come for help, and, a suppliant, implore thy aid. How thy brother *Æneas* is driven round every shore upon the sea, by adverse *Juno's* hate, is known to thee, and thou hast often mourned our sorrow. *Phœrean* *Idis* entertains him, and with soft accents makes him linger, and I fear how *Juno's* hospitality may end. She will not shudder upon such a crisis. Wherefore I mean to prevent her by deception, and enslave the Queen in love, lest under any influence she may retract; but may be bound, as I, by deep affection for *Æneas*. How you can accomplish this, now listen to my purpose. The prince, my dearest charge, prepares to visit the *Sidonian* city, by invitation of his dear father, bearing gifts that have survived the sea and the fire of *Troy*. While tranced in sleep I shall conceal in a consecrated retreat on high *Cytherea*, or upon *Idalion*: but possibly he might

discover the deception, or interpose half way. Do thou assume his form but for a single night, and, yourself a boy, wear the known aspect of a boy; so that, when Dido in her joy's height shall take thee to her bosom, amid the royal banquet and the cup of Bacchus, when she shall embrace thee, and imprint voluptuous kisses, thou mayest infuse the immaterial fire and ensnare her by thy witchery."

689. Cupid obeys the words of his dear mother, and puts off his wings, and promptly counterfeits the movement of Iulus; while Venus sheds a deep slumber upon the limbs of Ascanius, and the goddess takes him, pressed fondly to her bosom, to the steep bowers of Idalia, where the soft amaranth enfolds him in its perfumed blossoms and luxuriant shade. And now, guided by Achates, the joyous Cupid was approaching, in obedience to her word, and conveying royal presents to the Tyrians. When he arrived, the Queen had just laid herself upon a golden couch, beneath a gorgeous canopy, and took the central seat. Then father Æneas and the Trojan youth assemble, and guests recline on crimson coverlets. Attendants supply water for the hands, and dispense the bread on salvers, and lay napkins with the fringes clipped. Fifty maidens within, whose service is to set on the meats in long array, and light the altars of the home-gods; a hundred other maids, and so many youths of equal age, to pile the dishes with viands and set on the cups. The Tyrians also through the festive halls assembled numerous, bidden to recline upon embroidered couches. They gaze astonished on the presents of Æneas, they gaze upon Iulus, on the glowing features of the god, and well-feigned accents, the robe, and veil embroidered with yellow acanthus. Most of all, the hapless Phœnician, doomed to coming ruin, cannot sate her fancy, and kindles while she looks, and is tempted both by the boy and his gifts. He, when embracing he hung upon Æneas' neck, and satisfied the warm affection of his imagined father, advances to the Queen. She with her eyes and her whole heart is fixed upon him, and sometimes folds him to her bosom—Dido—unconscious what dangerous deity was plotting for her misery. But he, heedful of his Cyprian mother, begins by slow degrees to efface Sychæus, and essays to occupy with living love her long-sleeping passion and unpractised heart.

723. Soon as a pause succeeded to the feast, and the dishes were removed, they set on the broad goblets, and fill up the wine: the hum spreads through the dome, and they roll their

voices through the spacious hall; lighted lanterns hang from the gilded ceiling, and blazing torches overcome the night. Now the Queen called for the massive, golden, jewelled cup, and filled it with wine; the cup which Belus, and all true Belus, used. Then silence reigned along the hall. "Jupiter—for men call thee the guardian of hospitality—grant this day auspicious to Tyrians and the Trojan exiles; and may our inconstants throng this day. May Bacchus, the giver of gladness, and kind Juno, smile upon us. And you, O Tyrians, honour with good-will our festival." She spoke, and poured an offering of wine upon the board; and first, after the libation made, touched it with her lips, then passed it challenging to Bitias. He promptly drained the foaming cup, and drank deep the brimming gold. Then the other chiefs. In his golden harp, Iopas of the flowing locks strikes the numbers which the mighty Atlas taught. He sings of the sailing moon; the motions of the sun; whence arose mankind and beasts; whence rains and lightning came; Arcturus; the rain-charged Hyades; the twin Triones; why winter's sunshine speeds so fast to sink in ocean; and what holds back the lingering summer's night. Tyrians are frequent in applause and Trojans second them. Unhappy Dido, too, lengthened the night in various conversation, and drank deep of love; inquiring much of Priam, much of Hector; now in what arms Aurora's son had come; now of what quality were Diomed's steeds; now, how mighty was Achilles. "Nay, come my guest," she said, "and, from their earliest date, recount to me the treachery of Greeks, the sorrows of thy people, and thy own wanderings; for now the seventh summer takes the wandering through every land and sea."

BOOK II.

ALL were hushed, and fixed their gazing eyes. Then, from his lofty seat, father Æneas thus began: You bid me to recall, O Queen, unutterable grief; how the Greeks apostatized, Troy's power and deplorable empire; scenes most tragic, which I myself have witnessed, and wherein I have borne a heavy share. In such recital, what soldier of the Myrmidons, Dolopians, or the cold Ulysses, could refrain from tears? And now davy night veils downward from the sky, and fading stars

are tempting sleep; but if so strong thy love to learn our sufferings, and briefly hear of Troy's latest agony, though memory shudders to recall it, and shrinks back in terror, I shall begin. Exhausted by war, and foiled by the Fates through so many rolling years, the chieftains of the Greeks construct a horse large as a mountain, by the celestial art of Pallas, and line its ribs with planks of pine. They call it an offering for their return. Such is the report made public. Within its dark sides they secretly imprison chosen men selected for the purpose, and fill the spacious cavities of its body all through with armed soldiers. In sight of land lies Tenædos, an island of most wide celebrity, rich in its resources; while Priam's kingdom stood now a mere haven, and unsafe call for ships. Sailing hither, they lie close upon the desert shore. We imagined they were gone, and steered before the wind for Mycenæ; and so all Teucris broke loose from long affliction. The gates thrown wide, it was pleasure to go forth and visit the Dorian camp, the forsaken haunts, and the unpeopled shore. Here the Dolopian host; here the stern Achilles was encamped. This was the station of the fleet; here they used to meet in battle. Some gaze upon the fatal gift of virgin Minerva, and wonder at the stature of the horse; and, most of all, Thymotes advises that it be drawn within the walls, and lodged on the Acropolis; whether it was treachery, or Troy's fate so doomed it at that hour. While Carya, and they whose minds held wiser counsel, bid us to fling into the deep, or burn with kindled flames, the snare and the untrusted offering of the Greeks, or penetrate and search the hollow secrets of its womb. The undecided multitude is parted by conflicting views.

40. Then, first of all, a numerous throng attending, impetuous Laocoon runs down from the Acropolis, and from afar: "My hapless countrymen, what means this blind infatuation? Think you the enemy is gone? or do you dream that any offering of Greeks is clear of treachery? Is this your knowledge of Ulysses? Either the Greeks are closed and hidden in this wood, or it is some engine contrived against our walls to overtop our houses, and come down upon the city. It is the mask of some deception. Trust not to that horse, ye Trojans. Whatever it be, I fear the Greeks, though offering a votive gift." So speaking, he cast his heavy lance with unerring aim against the side, the arched and jointed body of the monster. Quivering it stood, and from its shaken womb the hollow

concerns covered with a groan. Then, had the doom of heaven not been dark, our reason not been blinded, he had urged us on, to spoil with the sword the Grecians' lurking-place; and, Troy, thou wouldst be standing now! Priam's tall palace, thou wouldst still be there!

57. Lo! Trojan shepherds were bringing, with loud voices, to the King a youth with panioned arms, who, unsought, unknown, had met them as they came; that he may effect this very object, and open Troy to the Greeks; steadfast in soul, and resigned to either chance, to play out his treason, or suffer certain death. All round the Trojan youths, eager to see, come thronging, and emulously mock the captive. Hear now a tale of Grecian guile, and, from a single crime, know all. For, while he stood in public view, confused, unarmed, and glanced around upon the Trojan bands—"Alas! what land," he said, "what sea can now protect me? or what remains at last for wretched me, who have no home among the Greeks? and, moreover, the offended Trojans demand a bloody satisfaction." By this complaint their thoughts were changed, and every angry feeling checked. We bid him tell us from what lineage he came, and what he could communicate; what claim to confidence the captive brought. He, at last dismissing his alarm, spoke these words: "I shall, indeed, O King, confess to thee, in all truth, come what may, nor deny myself of Argive blood,—this first: for fortune, though she make Sinon wretched, shall never, by unkindness, make him false and treacherous too. If ever haply, in conversation, any such name have met thy ear as that of Palamedes, son of Helen, and his renown famed in story, whom, innocent, the Greeks consigned to death for an imaginary treason, and by false impeachment, for he disannounced the war. Now they mourn him heretofore of life. With him my father, urged by poverty, sent me hither to the wars in early youth, his counsellor and near relative. While he stood firm in his power, and influential in the councils of the chiefs, we likewise owned a certain name and dignity. When, by the jealousy of smooth-tongued Ulysses—I speak of known events—he parted from this upper world, forlorn, I lingered out a life of tears and darkness, and silently resented the ruin of my unoffending friend. Nor yet intoxicated, could I hold my peace; and proud, if any happy accident might grant it, if ever I returned in triumph to my native Argi, that I would myself avenge him, and by my words awake a deadly enmity. Hence, the first plague-spot of my

nia. Ulysses, from that hour, ever alarmed me by false imitations ; from that hour he scattered mysterious hints among the crowd ; and, feeling his own guilt, he sought an instrument ; nor rested ever, till, by agency of Calchas——but why recount unprofitably all these painful memories, or why detain you ? If you regard all Greeks upon one footing, and that confession be enough to hear, this moment wreak your vengeance. This the Ithacan would wish, and the Atrida would freely purchase.”

105. Then we burn to ascertain and to inquire their motives, unsuspecting of so deep villany and Pelasgian guilt. Trembling he proceeds, and speaks in all the falsehood of his heart : “ Many a time the Greeks would have abandoned Troy and taken flight, and left through weariness the tedious war,—would that they had !—many a time the rude tempest of the deep confined them, and the south wind frightened them from going. Most of all, when this horse stood framed of maple beams, storms roared through all the æther. In our perplexity we send Eurypylus to consult Apollo’s oracle, and from the shrine he brings us back this answer of despair : ‘ With blood of a slain virgin you calmed the winds, when first, ye Greeks, you came to Troy’s shores ; with blood must your return be bought, with Grecian blood must sacrifice be made.’ When these words fell upon the public ear, our minds were stunned, and icy terror thrilled through our inmost bones, to know for whom the Fates were making ready, what victim Apollo was demanding. Hereupon, with loud uproar, the Ithacan hales forth the prophet Calchas into public, and importunes to know what meant such intimation of the Gods ; already many a one presaged for me the traitor’s villany, and saw in silence what should come. For twice five days he holds his peace, and mysteriously refuses to doom any victim by his answer, or mark him out for death. Slowly at last, urged by the loud impatience of the Ithacan, he breaks the silence, as was prearranged, and consigns me to the altar ; all were content, and what they singly dreaded for themselves transferred to the destruction of one wretched man. Now the unutterable day was coming ; the hallowed preparations were awaiting me ; the salt cakes and the fillet on my brow. I saved myself, I own, from death, and burst my bonds ; and in a muddy lake, amid the gloom of night, I lay concealed beneath the sedge till they should have spread the sail, if haply they would do so. No hope had I of ever more beholding my old country, my loved

children, my regretted father, whom they will probably call forth to compensate for my escape, and by the blood of the unhappy atone for this offence. Wherefore I pray thee by the Gods, and heaven that can attest my truth, by all the stainless honour that lingers yet among mankind, pity these heavy sorrows, pity a heart oppressed by woes unmerited."

145. For these tears we give him safety and free sympathy Priam himself commands his manacles and narrow bonds to be undone, and in kind accents thus addresses him: "Whoever thou be, henceforth from this hour forget the absent Greeks; thou shalt be ours, and answer truly what I ask thee. Why have they raised this horse of giant stature? Who its designer? What is their object? What votive offering, or what warlike engine?" He spoke. The other, ready in falsehood and Pelasgian craft, upraised to heaven his hands, now freed from bonds. "Ye ever-blazing fires!" he said, "and your inviolable sanctity, I call to witness; ye altars and ye swords of death which I have fled, ye fillets of the Gods which I, a victim, wore. it is permitted me to cancel the solemn obligations of the Greeks; it is permitted me to renounce the people, and hold before the light whatever they deem secret; nor am I barred by any principle of patriotism. Only do thou, Troy, keep thy promises, and for thy safety give me mine, if I reveal the truth, if I repay thee well! Every hope of Greece, every promise of the opening war, hung ever on the aid of Pallas. But from the hour when Tydus' impious son, and Ulysses fertile in deception, daring to rob the hallowed shrine of its Palladium, and slay the guards of the Acropolis, seized on the sacred image, and with gory hands presumed to soil the fillet of the maiden goddess thenceforth the hope of Greece ran low, and ebbed away by slow degrees; their energies were crushed, the favour of the goddess alienated

170. "Nor did Tritonia by ambiguous signs give them this intimation; scarce was the idol lodged within the camp, when flames broke flashing from her glaring eyes, and the salt moisture oozed from every limb, and thrice, untouched—miraculous to tell—she bounded from the earth with shield and quivering lance. Straightway Calchas gives warning that the sea should be essayed in flight; that Pergamus could never be razed by Argive steel, unless they renewed their omens at Argi, and restored the statue which they had transported over sea in their voluted barques. And now they are preparing

arms, and conciliating gods—for which they sought native Mycenæ by the wind—and, measuring back the deep they will be here unlooked for. So Calchas reads the fates. This image they have built, so warned, for the Palladium, for its outraged sanctity, to expiate the fatal sacrilege. Still, Calchas bade them build it of colossal bulk, and rear it to the heaven, so that it may not pass within the gates or enter through the walls; nor shield the people beneath their ancient worship; for, that if hand of yours should desecrate Minerva's offering, then some calamity—which presage may heaven rather visit on himself—shall fall on Priam's realm and the Phrygians. But should it by your hands ascend into your city, that Asia, in a mighty and aggressive war, shall visit Pelops' walls, and such the doom that waits for our descendants."

By treachery like this, and guile of perjured Simon, it was believed as true; and by his craft and counterfeited tears we were ensnared, whom nor Tydides, nor Achilles of Larissa, nor ten years, nor a thousand ships, subdued.

200. Just then, another more impressive and far more appalling spectacle presents itself to the doomed, and agitates their thoughtless breasts. Laocoon, chosen by lot a priest of Neptune, was offering at the altar the stated sacrifice of a great bull. But, lo! two snakes from Tenedos across the slumbering deep—I shudder to recall it—recline upon the sea, and steer together to the shore; their breasts upright amid the waves, and their ensanguined crests o'ertop the surge; the rest, behind, sweeps the water; they fold their long backs into a coil; the roar of the foaming wave arises. Now they were making the land, their flashing eyes suffused with blood and fire: they licked their hissing jaws with quivering tongues. We shrink in pale terror from the sight. In their undeviating course they make for Laocoon; and first the several snakes, entwining the tender bodies of his sons, enfold and tear their wretched bodies with their teeth. Then himself, speeding to their aid, and bringing weapons, they seize and bind within their powerful folds; then twice coiled around his waist, twice round his neck twining their scaly backs, they rear on high their heads and lofty necks. He strains his arms to tear their knots asunder, his fillets stained with black and poisonous gore, and utters frightful screams to heaven. So roars a bull, when wounded he escapes the altar, and flings aside from his neck the erring axe. But the two snakes glide safely to the lofty shrine, and seek the fortress of the dread Tritonis; then

find a shelter beneath the feet and the round arms of the goddess.

228. Then a strange terror creeps through the trembling hearts of all; they say that Laocoon suffered just atonement for his crime, for wounding with his steel the hallowed wood, and casting his impious lance against its back. They cry unanimously that the image must be drawn to its abode, and the power of the goddess be invoked in prayer. We open the walls and breach the ramparts of the city. All gird themselves for work, and lay the rolling wheels beneath its feet, and bind the hempen ropes upon its neck. The engine of death enters our walls, pregnant with arms. Around it, boys and unwedded maidens chant the hymn and grasp the rope with eager hands. It comes and rolls foreboding through the midst of the city. O my country! O Ilium, the home of gods! and ye walls of Trojans high renowned in war!—four times even on the threshold of the gates it stopped: four times the arms clashed within its womb. Still thoughtless, and in blind infatuation we urge it on, and land the fatal monster on the sacred hill. Even at that hour, Cassandra broke silence with our coming fates, never, by order of the god, believed by Trojans. We, ill-fated, to whom that came our day of doom wreathed with festal boughs the temples of the gods throughout the city.

250. Meanwhile the sphere revolves, and the night rises from the ocean, mantling in the spreading gloom the earth, the heaven, the treachery of Myrmidons. The Trojans, scattered through the city, lay in silence. Sleep enfolds their weary limbs. And now the Argive host, with ships in line, was coming in from Tenedos, amid the favouring stillness of the silent moon, steering for the familiar shore: when the royal galley hoisted her beacon, and Sinon, shielded by heaven's unkind decree, liberates the Greeks locked in the body of their wooden prison. The opened horse gives them to the air; and from the caverned wood, sliding on a hanging cord, Theseus and Sthenelus, the chiefs, the cursed Ulysses; Athamas. Thoas; Neoptolemus, Pelides' son; Machaon before all; and Menelaus, Epeus, too, the builder of the snare, come gladly forth. They assault the city, sunk in the sleep of wine; sentries are slain; and through the open gates they admit all their comrades, and join their allied bands.

268. It was the hour when sleep falls soonest upon feeble mortals, and by heaven's mercy steals on most welcome. Lo!

in a dream, Hector in deepest sadness seemed to stand before my eyes, and shed a flood of tears; dragged by the chariot, as of old, and soiled with gory dust; his swollen feet pierced through with thongs. Ah me! what a piteous sight he was! how altered from that Hector who came back clad in Achilles' spoils, or flung Phrygian fire upon the Grecian ships:—showing a matted beard, locks clotted with gore, and those countless wounds he had received around his native walls. In tears I thought I first addressed the hero, and spoke these words of sorrow: “Light of Dardania, surest hope of Trojans! what long delay has kept thee? from what region comest thou, long-looked-for Hector? How we look upon thee, after many deaths of thy people, after the changing toils of men and city, exhausted! What degrading cause has sullied thy gentle looks, or why do I behold these wounds?” He spoke not, nor heeded my idle questions; but with a heavy sigh, heaved deeply from his breast, “Alas! fly,” he said, “goddess-born, and save thyself from out this fire. The enemy command the walls. Troy is falling from its tall pinnacles. Enough is done for Priam and our country. If Troy could be saved by human hand, even by mine it would have been defended. To thee Troy confides her religion and her gods. Take these to share thy fortunes: for these provide a city, which thou shalt build at last of vast extent beyond the sea.” So he spoke, and in his hands he brought from out the shrines the illets, and the mighty Vesta, and the undying fire.

298. Meanwhile the city is alarmed by distant sounds of war; and louder and more loud—although my father's house lay deep-retired and embowered in trees—the sounds arise and the clash of arms advances. Startled from sleep, I mount the highest battlements of the roof, and stand with listening ears: as when a fire, beneath the rushing winds, kindles amid the standing corn; or a wild torrent from a mountain stream sweeps the fields, bears down the smiling harvest, the toll of the ox, and tears the uprooted groves; the shepherd hears the crash from the rocky height, and stands in ignorant amazement. Then was the truth apparent, and the treachery of the Greeks revealed. Now the wide mansion of Delphicus fell with a crash, the flames in the ascendancy, now the Ucalegon takes fire, the broad Sigeon channel flashes in the glare: cries of men arise, and the ringing voice of trumpets. Distracted, I grasp my arms, nor in arms could I command my reason; but my soul was fired to concentrate a band for

war, and with my comrades to march upon the citadel. Madness and rage impel my thoughts, and a glorious death in arms rises to my view.

318. But lo! Panthus fleeing from the Grecian weapons—Panthus, the son of Otreus, priest of Apollo of the hill—brings with his own hand the idols, the conquered gods, and his infant grandson, and with bewildered haste bends onward to the shore. "Where stands our fortune, Panthus? What castle can we occupy?" Scarce had I spoken thus, when, with a sigh, he answers: "The last day is come, and Troy's inevitable doom; Trojans we have been; Ilium was, and the great glory of the Teucri; Jupiter in his wrath has given all to Argi; the Greeks are masters of the blazing city; the giant horse, towering in the mid city, pours out armed soldiers; and triumphant Sinon, with wanton malice, spreads the conflagration. Some wait at the wide-open gates: thousands that never came from proud Mycenæ; some, with confronting arms, obstruct the narrow streets; the steel blade stands unsheathed with flashing edge, ready for slaughter; scarce do the foremost sentries of the gates essay resistance, and oppose in dark encounter." By such words of Otreus' son, and the impulse of the gods, I am urged, amid the flames and arms, where grim Erinnyes, where the din of sounds, and voices rolling to the heavens, summon me. Ripheus and Epytus, unmatched in arms, lend their presence, and met, by moonlight, Hypanis and Dymas; they join our company; young Chorcebus, too, the son of Mygdon. In those days he chanced to come to Troy, fired with a wild passion for Cassandra, and, a son-in-law, brought aid to Priam and the Phrygians. Ill-fated youth, who heeded not the warnings of his inspired bride!

347. When I saw these assembling, animated for the fight, I addressed them thus: "Youths, breasts of unavailing valour, if your firm purpose be to follow in a last attempt;—you see how stands our fortune, every deity on whom this empire rested has gone from desolated shrines and altars; you help a blazing city—let us rush into the heart of war and die! The sole safety of the vanquished is to hope for none." Thus rage was kindled in the breasts of the youths. Then, like prowling wolves, in a dark mist, when the impatient rage of hunger drives them blindly on, and their abandoned whelps with thirsty jaws, await them; through foes, through weapons, we pass on to certain death: and through the centre of the city

hold our way : deep darkness, with empty shadow, horrors round.

Who can unfold in words the havoc of that night ? who the deaths ? or by tears measure the fullness of our woes ? The old city sinks in ruin, the home of power through long years ; all through the streets, the houses, and the hallowed temples of the gods, the countless bodies of the dead, are rolled. Nor do Trojans only pay the penalty of death. At intervals, within the bosoms of the vanquished, valour re-kindles, and victorious Greeks fall. All round is cheerless mourning ; terror all round, and countless forms of death.

370. Androgeus first—a numerous company of Greeks attending—joins us unwittingly, believing us a friendly band ; and first addresses us in peaceful words : “ On, heroes ! what slow indolence detains you ? others bear off the plunder of blazing Troy ? Are you but now advancing from the tall galleys ? ” He spoke, and straightway—for a reassuring answer was returned—felt that he happened on surrounding foes. He stood amazed, and checked his footstep and his voice. So, one who treading on the earth, tramples a snake unseen amid the thorny brakes, then, trembling, shrinks in haste from its rising choler, and its azure swelling crest ; thus, scared at the sight, Androgeus was retreating. We charge, and pour around with serried arms ; we lay them low, strange to the place, and panic-stricken. Fortune smiles upon our first attempt. And here, Chorusus, elated by excitement of success : “ My comrades, where the dawn of fortune points the way of safety, where she shows herself in smiles, let’s follow ! Let us change bucklers, and array ourselves in Grecian dress ; guile or valour, who questions in a foe ? they shall themselves lend arms.” So speaking, he assumes thereon the crested helmet of Androgeus, and the rich blazonry of his shield, and hangs to his side the Grecian sword. So Rhipheus does ; so Dymas too, and promptly all the band ; each one equips himself with new-won spoils ; mingled with Greeks we go, with Fate against us ; and many a combat, through the dusky night, meeting we fought ; many a Greek we sent below to Orcus. Some fly scattered to the ships, and take their course toward the sheltering shore ; some, in coward fear, climb back into the giant horse, and hide in its familiar womb. Alas ! all hope is idle, when heaven is averse !

408. Benoid ! by her loose-flowing hair, Cassandra, Priam’s virgin daughter, was dragged from the temple and Minerva’s

shrine, straining in vain to loosen her flashing eyes—her eyes, for bonds confined her tender hands. Choroëbus, maddened in soul, could not endure the sight, and seeking death flung himself into the band. We all follow, and assail them with close-locked arms. Here, first, from the tall summit of the temple, we are borne down by weapons from our friends; and a most piteous massacre ensues, from the aspect of our arms, and the deception of our Grecian plumes. The Greeks, too, with angry murmurs for the virgin rescued, assemble, and assail us round; Ajax, in all his fury, Atreus' two sons, and all the host of the Dolopians. As, when the storm bursts at times, conflicting winds engage, Zephyr and Notus, and Eurus, proud of his orient steeds: the forests roar; foamy Nereus rages with his trident, and stirs the waters from their deep abysses. They also whom amid the shadowy night we scattered by the rush, and routed through the whole city, now show themselves; these first detect our shields, and our deceptive arms; and mark the disagreement of our speech. On the instant we sink beneath the throng: and first, Choroëbus falls beneath Penelope's hand, before the altar of the warrior-goddess. Rhipheus too, falls, of all the Trojans the one most upright, and of steadiest truth. It seemed not so to heaven. Hypanis and Dymaëriah, pierced by their friends; nor did thy gentlest virtues Patrus, nor Apollo's fillet, shield thee in thy fall.

431. Ashes of Ilium, death-fire of my friends! I make you witnesses, that, in your fall, I shunned no weapon, no peril from the Greeks: and had it been my doom to fall, I earned it by my arm. Then we were parted; Iphitus, Pelias, and I together—of these, Iphitus, now impaired by age, and Pelias, wounded and disabled by Ulysses—summoned by loud cries to Priam's palace. And here a deadly strife, as though there were no wars elsewhere, none were expiring through the whole city,—Mars we see so unappeased; Greeks thronging to the roof; and gates invested by the tortoise-shed. Ladders are grappled on the walls, and step by step they mount up to the doorways: fenced by their left hands they meet the missiles with their shields, and grasp the battlements with the right. The opposing Trojans pull down towers and roof-tops; with such weapons, when they see the end, they prepare, now on the verge of death, to make defence: and gilded beams, the stately ornaments of older generations, they roll down, others, with drawn blades, obstruct the door-bells: these their guard in armed ranks

151. Our spirit is revived to help the royal house, to aid the heroes with our succour, to reinforce the vanquished. There was an entrance by a secret door, a communication between Priam's palaces, an unfrequented postern gate, through which, while yet the kingdom stood, the sad Andromache used, unattended, to visit her parents-in-law, and bring her young Astyanax to his grandaunt. I mount the battlements of the high roof, from where the wretched Trojans cast harmless weapons from their hands. A tower, standing on the verge, and reared to heaven with a lofty roof, whence all Troy used to be surveyed, and Grecian ships and camp, assailing with the steel all round, where the highest floors weakened its joints, we tear from its high seat and overthrow. Descending suddenly, it came with stunning crash, and fell wide upon the Grecian ranks. Still others take their place; nor stones, nor other form of weapon rests in the interval.

470. Close at the threshold, and in the outer gateway, Pyrrhus springs forward, blazing in the sheen of brazen arms; like the snake, which frozen winter sheltered within the swollen earth, emerging to the sunshine, fed on poisonous herbs. Now renewed by shuffling off his slough, and sleek in youth, with breast erect, he folds his slimy back, rising to the sunbeams, and quivers in his mouth his cloven tongue. With him great Periphas, and Automedon, his armour-bearer, Achilles' charioteer, and all the youth of Scyros, draw near the house, and toss their firebrands to the roof. With his own hands, grasping a tempered axe, he broke through the strong doorway, and rent the brazen posts from their hinges; and now, cleaving the beam, he cut away the solid wood, and made a large and wide-mouthed aperture. The inner house appears, and the long halls lie open. The chambers of Priam, and the kings of other days, are shown; and see the armed soldiers standing in the doors. But the inner palace is a scene of mingled wailing and piteous confusion, and the echoing chambers ring throughout with screams of women; the voices strike upon the golden stars. Then fainting matrons come through the wide apartments, embrace and clasp the posts, and imprint their kisses. Pyrrhus comes on with all his father's fury, nor bolts, nor even guards, suffice to check him. The gate totters under the repeated blows, and the posts, severed from the hinges, fall. A path is cleared by force: the thronging Greeks force their way and massacre the foremost, and fill the open space with soldiers. Not so resistless the flaming

torrent, when it o'erflows its broken banks, and washes down with its flood the obstructing dams, rushes upon the fields in a mass, and from every plain sweeps herds and stalls. I saw myself Neoptolemus revelling in slaughter, and the two Atreids in the gate. I saw Hecuba, and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam, amid the altars, staining with blood the fires his hands had consecrated. Those fifty chambers, so rich a promise of descendants, the doorways rich with spoils of barbaric gold, lay prostrate. The Greeks are masters where the fire dies out.

506. You may, perhaps, inquire what was the fate of Priam. When he beheld the taken city's fall, and his ruined palace-halls, the foe amid his chambers; the old man vainly clasps upon his palsied limbs his armour long unused, girds on his harmless sword, and rushes, seeking death, amid the enemy. In the central court, beneath the open arch of heaven, was a high altar, and near, an aged bay-tree bending above the altar, and bowering the Penates in its shade. Here Hecuba, and her daughters—like doves fluttered by the dark storm—vainly crowding round the altars, and clasping the gods' images, were sitting. But when she saw Priam wearing the arms of his youth: "What purpose so infatuate, my most hapless consort, has urged thee to gird on these arms? or, whither dost thou haste?" she said. "No aid like that, not such a champion does the hour demand. No, though my own Hector were among us. Retire hither, I pray thee! This altar will protect us all; or thou shalt share our death." So saying, she drew the old man to herself, and placed him in the hallowed seat.

526. But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, escaping from the sword of Pyrrhus, through weapons, through foes, flies through the long piazza, and, blessing, traverses the empty halls. Him the impetuous Pyrrhus follows with menacing weapon; now just grasps him with his hand, and overtakes him with his lance. When at last he gained the view and presence of his parents, he fell, and, with his streaming blood, shed forth his life. Here Priam, though caught amid our roounding death, yet did not refrain, nor check his voice and his anger. "But may the gods," he said, "for thy impiety, for such an outrage—if there be any sympathy in heaven to look on deeds like this—pay thee a fit recompense, and give thee due reward, thou who has made me witness with my eyes the slaughter of my son, and with blood insulted r

father's presence, but that Achilles, from whom you falsely claim your birth, was never such to Priam, though an enemy, but he revered the claims and safety of a suppliant, and restored for burial Hector's lifeless corpse, and sent me back into my kingdom." So spoke the aged king, and hurled a feeble and unwounding dart, which straightway, checked upon the sounding brass, hung harmless on the buckler's highest boss. To him then Pyrrhus: "Thou shalt report these deeds then, and go with the intelligence to my father, Pelus' son—be sure thou tell him of my dark deeds, and his degenerate Neoptolemus. Now die!" So speaking, he dragged him to the altar's base, trembling and sliding in his son's deep blood, cangled his hair upon his left hand, and with the right raised high the flashing sword, and plunged it in his bosom to the hilt. Such was the close of Priam's fates; this allotted end removed him, once the proud monarch of so many tribes and states of Asia. He lies upon the shore, a giant trunk, a headless body, an undistinguished corpse.

559. Then first a crushing terror gathered round me: I stood bewildered; a thought of my dear father rose before me; when I beheld a King, of years like his, expiring by a ruthless wound. Then rose before me my forlorn Creusa, my plundered home, the peril of my child Iulus. I look around, and count what help I had about me. All, spent by toil, had forsaken me; and had flung their weary bodies to the earth, or given them to the fire. And now I was the last and lone survivor, when I beheld the daughter of Tyndarus watching in Vesta's temple, and lurking silent in her secret shelter. The bright flames light my wandering steps, and my eyes rolling upon all around me;—she, fearing the anger of the Trojans for ruined Pergamus, the vengeance of the Greeks, the resentment of her forsaken consort—she, the Erinnyes alike of Troy and her native land, had hid herself, and sat unseen among the altars. A fire burned in my soul: the vengeful thought arose to redress my falling country, and inflict a penalty for guilt. "And shall she safely, as she deems, behold Sparta and her native Mycenæ, and go back a Queen with triumph won? Shall she behold her consort and her home, her parents and her children, attended by a retinue of Trojan dames and Parysian slaves? Shall Priam have fallen by the sword? Troy have sunk in flames? Dardania's shore so oft have reeked with blood? Not so; for though no memorable come from a woman's punishment, though each victory owns no

fame,—yet I shall earn the praise of quenching a guilty life, and exacting righteous vengeance: it shall console me to glut the fiery passion of revenge, and satisfy the ashes of my people.

588. In thoughts like these I was indulging, and impelled by the frenzy of my mind: when, never till then so brilliant to my eyes, my gentle mother met my view, and shone in cloudless glory through the dark, displaying all the goddess; so lovely and majestic as she looks in heaven: she seized my right hand, drew me back, and spoke thus, moreover, from her rosy lips: “My son, what deep resentment wakes your unchecked passion? or whither has your love of me departed? Will you not first discover where you have left your age-stricken father, Anchises? if your wife Creûsa live? your son Ascanius? All these the Grecian bands are hovering around, and, but for my protecting care, the flames had before now consumed, a foeman’s sword had pierced. Neither the beauty of Laconian Helen should wake thy hatred, nor Paris be accused. The gods, the rigour of the gods, ruins this empire, and raises Troy from its high places. Behold them! for I shall clear away all the cloud that now veils your eyes and dims your human vision, and thickens vaporous around. Fear not thou any orders of your mis-er, nor shrink from following her instructions. Here, where you see dismembered masses and rocks rent asunder, and waves of mangled smoke and dust, Neptune is shaking the foundations uprooted by his mighty trident, and razing the whole city from its place. Here Juno before all, in all her terrors, guards the western gate, and, armed in steel, fiercely summons from the ships her allied host. Now, Tritonian Pallas—look!—is seated on the high Acropolis, beaming in a halo and her awful Gorgon. Even the great Father lends courage to the Greeks, and strength to help it; he instigates the gods against the Trojan powers. Fly, my son, in haste, and cease your efforts! I shall nowhere forsake you, and leave you safely at your father’s home.” She spoke, and veiled herself in night’s deep shadows. Awful forms appear, and dread divinities of heaven, Troy’s enemies.

624. At that moment all Ilium seemed to me to sink in flames, and Neptune’s Troy to fall from its foundations; and, like the old ash on the mountain top, when rustics emulously strive to fell it, cut round with frequent blows of the steel axe, it totters still, and, with quivering foliage, nods its shaken head; till yielding slowly to its wounds, it groans its last, and, torn from its tall, falls with a crash. I descend, and led by

the Deity, make my way amid flames and foemen. Weapons give way, and fire retreats. And now, when I had gained the threshold of my father's house and my old home, my father, whom above all I wished to carry to the high mountains, and whom first I sought, refuses to prolong his life, when Troy was ruined, and encounter exile. "You," he says, "whose youthful blood is fresh, whose strength stands firm in its natural vigour, do you take flight. Had heaven pleased that I should linger on in life, it would have saved for me this home: 'tis full enough that I have seen one capture, and survived the taken city; thus, laid thus, say farewell to my body, and depart, I shall alone find death by human hands; some enemy will pity me, and claim the spoil; the loss of sepulture is light. Long since detested by the gods, and helpless, I prolong my years, since the Father of Gods and King of men blasted me with his lightning's wings, and struck me with his fire."

650. So saying, he persisted and remained unmoved. We, in turn, broke forth into tears, my wife Creüsa, and Ascanius, and the whole family, that my father would not with himself destroy all else, and urge impending fate. He still refuses, and abides in the same purpose and position. Once more I rush to arms, and, supremely wretched, welcome death. What further plan or chance was now available? "And did you hope, my father, that I would leave you and depart? And has such cruelty escaped a father's lips? If it please heaven that nothing shall remain of such a city; and this is your fixed purpose, and it is a pleasure to involve yourself and yours in Troy's fall, the gate is open for such a death: and Pyrrhus will be here just now reeking with Priam's blood: who slays the son before the father's eyes, and the father at the sanctuary. Was it for this, my gentle mother, you saved me amid arms and flames; to see the enemy within my chambers; Ascanius, and my father, and with them Creüsa, massacred in each other's blood? Arms, my men! bring arms! the day of doom summons the vanquished. Send me back to the Greeks, let me return and renew the fight! We shall not all die unavenged to-day."

671. Then I gird on the sword once more, and was inserting my left hand firmly in my shield, and stepping from the door. But, lo! my wife clasping my feet upon the threshold, detained me there, and held up the young Iulus to his father. "If thou art going, bent on death, take us with thee into every peril; but if, from trials past, you rest a hope in arms

resumed, defend this dwelling above all. To whom are young Iulus, your father, your wife—once called thine own—aban-
doned?" Thus exclaiming, she filled the whole house with
mournful cries, when a portent, sudden and wondrous to tell,
arose, for in the hands and presence of his sorrowing par-
ents! the light lock upon Iulus' head was seen to shed a light,
and the same, with harmless touch gliding along his silky
hair, and feeding round his temples. With nervous fear we
trembled, and shook the blazing hair, and quenched the super-
natural flame with water. But my father Anchises uplifted
to the stars his joyful eyes, and stretched to heaven his hands
and voice. "Jupiter Almighty, if thou art moved by any prayer,
look upon us! I ask but this, and if we merit it by our de-
votion, help us accordingly, O Father, and realize those por-
tents!" Scarce had the old man spoken thus, when, with sudden
crash it thundered in the west, and a meteor falling through
the dark red sky, trailing a tail, shot onward in a blaze. We
saw it glide above the highest house-top, and hide its bright-
ness in the groves of Ida, marshalling our way. Then, the
long-turrowed path sheds light, and all around the earth smokes
sulphur. Here then, convinced, my father rises toward hea-
ven, invokes the gods, and worships the sacred meteor. "Now
there is no delay, I follow, and where you lead me, there I
come. Gods of my country, save my house, my grandson save!
this presage is of you, and Troy is in your hands. For me, I
yield; nor now, my son, refuse to follow thee."

705. He had spoken; and now more loud the blaze sounds
along the walls, and the fires roll on the hearth. "Come, then,
dear father, ascend upon my neck, I shall myself support you
on my shoulders, nor shall that exertion distress me. What
turn soever our fortunes take, both shall find one equal dan-
ger, one deliverance. Let the young Iulus come with me, and
my wife follow our steps behind. You, attendants, heed my
words with vigilant attention. As you leave the city, there
stands a hill and an old unfrequented shrine of Ceres, and, close
by, an ancient cypress, guarded for many years by ancestral
devotion. To this same shelter we shall come by different
routes. Then, father, take the sacred emblems in my hand,
our country's gods; for me, come from such war and recent
bloodshed, it were impiety to touch them, ere I had bathed in
running water." So saying, I threw on my broad shoul-
ders and bowed neck a garment of the tawny lion's skin, and
took up my burden. The young Iulus clung upon my hand.

and follows his father with uneven steps : my wife comes after. We advance through shady places ; and me, whom erewhile no flying weapons moved, nor thronging Greeks in opposite array, now every breeze startles, every noise flutters, in nervous doubt and trembling for my burden and companion.

730. Now I was drawing near the gate, and thought I had come clear of every danger, when suddenly a rapid footfall or my ear sounded close by, and my father, peering through the dark, exclaims : " Fly, my son, fly ! they are upon us. I see the flashing shields and glimmering brass." Here, some unfriendly power deprived me, in my haste, of my bewildered mind ; for while I took a devious course, and left the usual pathway, alas ! my wretched wife Cretusa—whether removed by Fate she stayed, or wandered from her way, or sank beneath her weariness, I never knew—but she never more was given to my eyes. Nor did I ever look back if she were lost, or turn my thoughts upon her, till we had gained the hill and consecrated home of ancient Ceres. Here, at last, when all were met, she alone was absent, and passed unseen from followers and child and husband. Whom did I not, in my distraction, blame of gods and men ? or what more bitter met I in the city's fall ! Ascanius, my father Anchises, and the Trojan gods, I leave with my companions, and hide in a deep valley. I return myself to the city, and gird on my flashing arms. My resolution is to revisit all dangers, and go back all through Troy, and once more expose my life to peril. First, I return to the walls and the dark gateway where I had come forth, and follow and survey with my eyes my steps retraced amid the darkness. Pervading gloom, and even the mere silence, strikes terror to my heart. Then I return homeward, if, by a slender chance, she may have bent her footsteps thither. The Greeks had forced their way, and were masters of the house. At once the hungry flames rise rolling on the wind to the roof-top : the flames shoot upward : the heat surges to the air. I go onward, and revisit Priam's palace and the citadel : and now within the desolate piazza of Juno's temple, the chosen guards, Phoenix and the accursed Ulysses, kept watch upon the plunder. Hither the wealth of Troy, torn from all the blazing sanctuaries, the salvers of the gods, the massive golden bowls, the captured tapestry, are piled : youths and fainting matrons stand around in long array.

769. I even dared to send my voice through the gloom : I filled the streets with my cries : and in despair, with fruitless

repetitions, again and again I called Creusa. As I searched, and wandered at large amid the buildings of the city, the melancholy spectre and shade of Creusa's self arose before my eyes, and her phantom larger than life. I stood bewildered, my hair stood upward, and my utterance was choked. Then she thus addressed me, and with these words dispelled my sorrow: "Why should it please thee to give way to frantic sorrow, my beloved husband? This happens not without heaven's sanction, nor was it given thee to take hence with thee Creusa, nor would the King of high Olympus grant it. A distant exile awaits thee, and a wide expanse of ocean to be ploughed; thou shalt reach also an Hesperian land, where, through the fertile plains of men the Lydian Tiber, with his gentle stream, flows on. There, prosperity, a throne, and royal bride await thee. Banish thy sorrow for thy loved Creusa. I shall not visit the proud homes of Myrmidons or of Dolopians, or go in slavery to Grecian dames,—I, a daughter of Dardanus, the daughter-in-law of the goddess Venus; but the great mother of the gods detains me on these shores; and now, farewell, and remember your affection for our son." When she had thus spoken, she left me, while I wept and longed for much discourse, and vanished into empty air. Thrice I then essayed to clasp my arms around her neck: thrice clasped in vain, the phantom fled my arms: like the light breeze, most like a fleeting dream; and so, at last, when night was spent, I return to my companions.

796. And here I find, to my surprise, a numerous crowd of new companions met; matrons and men, youths resigned to exile, a pitiable throng. From everywhere they had assembled, ready with heart and means for any land I chose to bring them to by sea. And now Lucifer was rising upon towering Ida's head, and heralding the day. The Greeks were guarding the beleaguered gates: no hope of help was possible. I went my way, and taking up my father, retired to the mountain.

BOOK III.

When it had pleased the gods to overthrow the power of Aeneas and Priam's un-defending realm; when regal Ilium fell, and Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the earth, we are driven by heaven's warnings to repair to distant exile and unpeopled

lands, and build our fleet close by Antandros and the heights of Phrygian Ida, doubtful where Fate may bring us to, where it may be given us to stay, and call our men together. Scarce had the opening summer dawned, and my father Anchises bade us shake out our canvases to the breeze, when, in tears, I left the shores and havens of my country, and the plain where Troy stood: I go an exile on the deep with my companions, son, Penates, and great gods.

18. Far off, a land of Mars is cultivated in wide plains—Thracians own it—ruled in other days by stern Lycurgus. It was an ancient friend of Troy, our gods and theirs allied, while Fortune smiled. Hither I come, and on the indented shore build my rising walls, commencing under forbidding Fates, and from my own name call their name *Æneada*.

19. I was offering sacrifice to my mother Dionea and the gods, to favour my design, and was slaying a stately bull to the high King of heaven upon the shore. A hill stood near by chance, upon whose summit stood a branching cornel, and a myrtle bristling with close javelin stems. I came near, and strove to tear the green timber from the earth, to deck the altar with its leafy boughs, and saw an awful portent, miraculous to tell. For from the tree first torn from the soil with broken roots, drops of black blood came trickling, and stain the earth with gore. A chilly tremor creeps along my limbs, and my freezing blood congeals in terror. Once more I persist, and tear the tough branches of a second, and thoroughly investigate the unseen cause. From the bark of the second, also, blood came flowing. Pondering anxiously, I prayed the woodland nymphs, and father Gradivus, who sways the Getic plains, duly to elucidate the vision and mitigate the omen. But on attempting the third branch with greater effort, and straining my knees against the sandy slope—shall I speak it, or hold my peace?—a melancholy sigh rises from the deep grave, and a voice issues and falls upon my ear: "Why, *Æneas*, dost thou tear the wretched? spare me in my grave! Forbear to stain thy guiltless hands. No stranger to thee, has Troy given me birth: this blood streams not from the tree. Alas! quit the guilty land, quit the greedy shore. I am *Polydorus*: here slain, an iron crop of weapons has concealed and grown above me into pointed spears." Then crushed in mind by twofold terror, I stood bewildered: my hair stood up; my utterance was choked.

40. This *Polydorus*, on a time, the ill-fated *Priam* had

secretly consigned, with a heavy mass of gold, to the protection of the King of Thrace, when he at length despaired of Troy's arms, and saw his city circled by a siege. He, when the powers of Troy were wrecked, and fortune ebb'd away, espousing Agamemnon's interest and victorious arms, broke every obligation, slew Polydorus, and seized the gold by force. Remorseless greed of gold, what wilt thou not drive the heart of man to do? When terror left my limbs, I counsel'd with the chosen leaders of my people, and my father first, upon those portents of the gods, and ask their sentiments. All were unanimous to quit the guilty land, to leave the scene of outraged hospitality, and give our fleet to the breeze. We therefore celebrate the obsequies of Polydorus: a lofty barrow rises on his grave: altars erected to his manes, drooping with dark fillets and mourning cypress; and around, the IlIan dames, with hair unband'd for the ceremony. We offer frothing bowls of warm milk, and cups of sacrificial blood. We lay his spirit in the grave, and with loud voices speak our last farewell.

69. Then soon as there was safety on the waters, and winds allowed the waves repose, and the soft whisper of the south invites us to the deep, my comrades launch the harques and line the shore. We stand out from the haven; land and the cities sink from view. In the deep sea there is inhabited a pleasant land, sacred to the mother of the Nereids and Ægean Neptune, which, as it drifted around the shores and coasts, the archer-god, with filial duty, anchored to lofty Gyarus and Myronus, and made it a moveless habitation, and to scorn the winds. Hither I come: this most gentle climate sheltered us, wearied, in his tranquil haven. We laud, and hail with reverence Apollo's city. Anius the King—the same was King of the people and Apollo's priest, wreathing his brow with bands of consecrated bay—receives us, and acknowledges Anchises for an ancient friend. We pledge our hands in friendship, and enter his abode. I worshipp'd the old stone-built temple of the god. Grant us, god of Dymbra, an abiding home—give to the weary a city, a people, an enduring city. Save for Troy its second Purgatory, a remnant from the Greeks and pitiless Achilles. Whom are we following? Whither dost thou bid us go? where fix our dwelling? Grant us, father, a response, and inspire our minds!" Scarcely had I spoken thus, when suddenly the courts and bay-trees of the god seemed all to quake, the whole mountain round to tremble, and the tripod in the open shrine to marmur. We bend lowly to the earth and

voice comes floating to our ears : " Hardly sons of Dardanus, the same land which earliest produced you from your father's lineage shall welcome you returning to its genial soil : seek patiently your ancient mother. Here shall the house of Æneæ rule through every clime, and their sons' sons, and who shall come thereafter."

99. Thus Phœbus; and with mingling shouts loud joy arose, and all inquired, where should be that city; whither Phoebus called the wanderers, and bade them to return. Then my father, tracing the stories of the men of old. " Hear," he says, " ye chiefs, and learn your hopes. In the mid sea lies Crete, the island of great Jove, where Ida's mountain stands, and the cradle of our race; a hundred stately cities they occupy—richest of realms, whence, if I well remember the tradition, Tæcer, our eldest father, first sailed to the Rhætean shores, and chose the empire's site. Not yet had Ilium risen and the towers of Pergamus; they dwelt in the deep valleys. From that land came mother Cybele, our tutelæ, the Corybæntian brass-work, the Idæan bowers; hence the dark silence of the mysteries, and the yoked lions drew their lady's chariot. On then! and where the divine prediction guides, let's follow. Let us propitiate the breeze, and steer for Gnosian realms. Nor are they distant by a tedious voyage. Let Jupiter but favour us, the third sunrise shall land us on the Cretan shore." So speaking, he offered due sacrifice upon the altars: a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, graceful Apollo; to the storm, a black sheep; a white one to the gentle western breeze.

120. A report goes flying, that King Idomeneus had left his native kingdom as an exile, that the shores of Crete were desolate, the houses empty of the foe, the homes were there abandoned. We clear Ortygia's port, and spread our wings upon the sea, and cruise by Naxos, with its hills of revelry, and green Doryssa, Olearos, snowy Paros, the Cyclades, dotted through the sea, and straits thick-sown with clustering lands. The seamen's chant ascends with fitful emulation. My comrades, cheering, cry: " Let's sail for Crete and for our ancestors." The breeze, rising a-stern, follows in our wake, and at length we near the ancient shores of the Curetes. Eagerly then I plan the walls of my long-looked for city, and name it Pergameæ, and bid my people, joyful in their name, to love their hearths and build upon the hill. And now the barques were scarce drawn high upon the beach; the youths employed in marriages and their new settlements: I in dispensing laws and ceremonies, when

suddenly a wasting and sad pestilence, from an infectious region of the air, and an unhealthy season, fell upon their limbs, the trees, and crops. They were resigning their pleasant lives, or moving painfully their helpless bodies: then Sirius scorched the plains to barrenness; the herbage withered, and the discompered corn withheld its nutriment. Back to Ortygia's beach and Phœbus my father bids us come, and measure back the sea, and pray indulgence, asking, what respite of our weary sufferings he would announce, where he would order us to seek relief in our afflictions, whither to bend our course.

147. Night came, and sleep fell upon the living things of earth. The sacred images of deities and the Phrygian home-gods which I had brought with me from Troy and the city's circling flames, appeared to rise before my view as I lay sleepless, distinct in the full light, where the broad moon streamed in through the inserted casements. Then thus they spoke, and with these words they calmed my trouble: "That which Apollo would have told you sailing to Ortygia he here announces, and, see! unasked he sends us to your dwelling. Troy burned, we followed thee and thy arms; we measured o'er the heaving waters with thee and thy ships: we also will exalt to heaven thy posterity to come, will give the city sovereignty. Build thou a great city for a mighty people, and faint not in the tedious toils of the voyage; your dwelling must be moved. Not these shores the Delian Apollo recommended, nor ordered thee to rest in Crete. There is a place—Greeks know it by the name Hesperia—an ancient land, famous for arms and a fertile soil: Ænœi were its settlers; now, rumour says these sons have called the nation Italy, after their leader's name: here is our abiding home: hence Dardanus arose, and Jasion our father, the founder—hence our lineage. Come, arise; and joyful bear these words, unquestionable, to your aged father: to look for Corytus and the Ausonian lands. Jupiter forbids thee the Dictæan plains."

172. Amazed by such a vision and warning of the gods,—for it was not a dream, but I thought I could distinctly recognise their features, their bearded hair, and visible presence, and then a chill moisture arose on every limb,—I started from my bed, raised my uplifted hands to heaven with my voices, and poured a pure libation on the hearth. The offering made, I joyfully inform Anchises, and explain the matter in detail. He remembered the double lineage, and twofold ancestry, and that he was misled by a recent confusion of the ancient places

and then said : " My son, disciplined in Troy's fate, it was Cassandra who alone predicted to me these events ; I now recall her prophecy of these, the destinies of our race, her frequent mention of Hesperia and Italian realms. But who could believe that the Trojans were to reach Hesperia's shores ? or whom then could Cassandra move by her predictions ? Let us submit to Phœbus, and by his warning take the better course." So he spoke, and we all with joy obey his words. This settlement, like the others, we forsake, and in our hollow barques speed upon the boundless waters.

192. When our ships gained the deep, and no more land was visible, sky all above, and water all round, then a purple cloud hung over head, heralding gloom and tempest : and the waves ran rough beneath the darkness. Straightway the winds furrow the deep, and crested billows rise ; and we are scattered and flung upon the watery waste. Clouds curtained the daylight, and a misty gloom obscured the sky ; flashes glance frequent from the riven clouds. We lose our way, and drift upon the darkening waves. Even Palinurus cannot distinguish night from day upon the heaven, or recollect his course upon the shoreless deep. Three days so undefined amid the blinding gloom we drift along the ocean, three starless nights. On the fourth day, at last, the land first rose to view, showing the far-off mountains and the rolling smoke. The sails are furled ; we rise upon our oars ; no rest ; the mariners, with energy fling high the foam, and sweep the azure plain.

209. Saved from the waves, the shores of the Strophades receive me first. Islands called by the Greek name Strophades, stand in the great Ionian, which the dread Cicones and other Harpies occupy, since Phineus' home was closed against them, and they left in terror their former feast. No monster more fell, nor any scourge of heaven's wrath more merciless than they, rose from the Stygian lake : the faces of the winged fiends are feminine, their bodies loathsome : their hands taloned, and their faces marked with ghastly famine. When warped hither, we rode within the bay ; lo ! we find everywhere along the plains fat droves of oxen, and flocks of goats unherded on the pasture. We charge them with the sword, and call the gods and the great Jove to share the plunder. Then, on the indented shore we lay our couches, and feast upon the rich repast. But down the mountains, in their hideous flight, come the sudden Harpies, and flay their loud-resounding wings, rifle our food, and taint it all with unclean

tress, rose their grating voices with the fetid smell. Once more within a deep recess, beneath a caverned rock, embowered round with trees and gloomy shadows, we lay our banquet, and revived the fire upon the altars. Again the noisy throng, from distant regions of the air, and dark concealment, flit round their plunder with their taloned claws, and taint the dishes with their mouths. Then I order my companions to resort to arms, and levy war upon the hideous brood. As they are ordered they proceed, lay their swords concealed beneath the grass, and hide their shields from observation, so that when swooping down, they sent their screams along the winding shore: Misenus, from a lofty watch tower, blows the signal on his brazen tube: my comrades charged them, and essay the strange encounter, to mangle with the sword the ill-boding birds of the deep. But neither on wings nor body they suffer any harm; and in their swift flight gliding to the stars, they leave the half devoured booty and their filthy track. Alone, Celenus sat upon a towering cliff, a prophetess of ill, and uttered from her breast these words: "Is it war, too, for the slaughter of our oxen and our slain steers, sons of Laomedon—war—do you prepare to wage, and drive the unoffending Harpies from their ancestral realm? Hear, then, and lay my words within your memories, words which the Almighty Father to Apollo, Phœbus Apollo to me, and I, the eldest of the Furies, declare to you. You steer your course for Italy, and with a following breeze you shall reach Italy, and be permitted to sail into its port. But you shall never circle with a wall your predestined city, before sore famine, and retribution for our loss, drive you to gnaw and eat your dishes with your jaws."

258. She said, and rising on her wings, retreated to the wood. But my companions' freezing blood congealed in sudden terror; their spirits drooped, and not now with arms but vows and prayers, they bid us sue for peace, whether they be goddesses, or merely vengeful and ill-omened birds. My father Anchises, too, with hands uplifted from the shore invokes the mighty gods and orders a due sacrifice. "Ye gods, avert the threats; let pass so great calamity, ye gods, and mercifully save the pious." Then he commands to let run the halyard from the shore, and pay out the halyards. The southern breeze heaved the sails. We move upon the foam; waves, where wind and pilot guided our course. Now, slowly *Zephyrus* rises from the mid-sea, *Dulichium*, and *Samos*, and *Neritos*

with towering crags. We shun the cliffs of Ithaca, Læertes' realm, and curse the land that reared the cold Ulysses. Soon the cloud-capped heights of Mount Leucate, and Apollo, the seaman's terror, rise to view. This, in our weariness, we steer for, and approach the humble city. Our anchor runs from the bow, the barques rest on the shore.

278. And so, at length enjoying the unexpected land, we worship Jupiter, and light the altars for our vows, and celebrate our Trojan games, upon the Actian shore. My comrades, with bare limbs and the smooth oil, practise their native exercise. It was a pleasure to escape so many Grecian towns, and thread our way amid surrounding foes. Meanwhile, the sun rolls round the year's wide circle, and icy winter furrows the waves with northern blasts. A concave brazen shield, worn by mighty Abas, I hang upon the outer portal, and mark its meaning with a verse: "These arms from the victorious Greeks, Æneas." I bid them then to leave the port, and take their places on the thwarts. In rivalry my comrades cleave the waves, and sweep the azure surface. Then we lose in distance the airy towers of the Phæacians, craize by the shore of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian port, and near the lofty city of Bathrotum. Here an incredible history of events comes suddenly upon our ears: that Helenus, the son of Priam, reigned over the Greek cities, and Andromache had once more consented to a husband of her native land. I was lost in wonder, and my breast burned with a strange desire to meet the hero, and ascertain so happy a vicissitude. Leaving the vessels and the shore, I went onward from the harbour.

301. Just then it happened that Andromache was offering her annual feast and mourning-presents to the dead, before the city, in a grove, beside the stream of the pretended Simois, and inviting Hector's manes to the tomb, the cenotaph which she had reared of the green turf, with two altars, to provoke her tears. When she beheld me coming, and, in wild excitement, saw the arms of Troy around me, startled by the strange phenomenon, she fainted; while she looked, vital warmth left her limbs; she fell, and, after a long interval, spoke faintly, "Dost thou come to me a living form? a real messenger, O goddess-born? Art thou alive? or, if the genial light has left thee, where is Hector?" she said, and melted into tears, and filled the whole place with her cries. I replied, in few and tremulous words, to her wild sorrow, and, disconcerted, spoke in hesitating accents: "I live, indeed, and huge

on my life through every jail. Darest not! What you behold is real. Alas! what fortune takes thee up, fallen from such a concert? or what meet and adequate prosperity has come again? Hector's Andromache, dost thou retain the love of Pyrrhus?" She drooped her eyes, and spoke in accents of dejection: "O thou maiden daughter of Priam, eminently happy above all, doomed to die upon the Trojan's grave, by Troy's lofty walls, who suffered no allotment, nor its bondage shared the bed of a victorious lord!—I, my country desolated, borne through distant seas, endured Achilles' haughty son, impetuous youth, and was a mother in my slavery. He then, wooing Ledaean Hermione, a Spartan bride, consigned me as a bond-maid to Helenus in his captivity. But Orestes, burning with fierce jealousy for his intercepted bride, and maddened by the furies of remorse, surprised him unaware, and slew him at his father's altar. By the fall of Neoptolemus, a portion of the kingdom was transferred and passed to Helenus, who called the plains Chaonian by a borrowed name, and all Cœonia after Trojan Chæon, and raised a Pergamus and this Ilion castle on the heights. But what winds, what Fates have guided thee this voyage? or what god has brought thee, unexpected, to our shores? What of th' young Ascanius? Does he live, and breathe the air? whom Troy to thee—Does he still feel concern for his mother lost? Do his father Æneas, and, his uncle Hector, awake him to the heroism of other days, and manly pride?" These words she uttered through her tears, and heaved long, unavailing sighs, when the hero, Helenus, Priam's son, with numerous retinue, advances from the city,

leaves his friends, and gladly leads us to the palace, shedding abundant tears between his several words. I go forward and recognise a Troy in miniature, a Pergamus, the model of the great, and a thirsty streamlet, named after Xanthus, and embrace the portals of the Scæan gate. The Trojans, too, enjoy with me the friendly city. The King received them in his stately palace. In the central court they consecrated cups of wine, while viands were served up on gold, and held up the xroad bowls.

156. And now a day went by, and a second day, while breezes tempt the sails, and the canvas is bellied by the swelling south. I accept the oar in these words, and make the following request: "Son of Troy, interpreter of heaven, who dost read the will of Phoebus, the tripod, the Clarian bay-tree, and the stars, the *seeress of Nêstos*, and portents of the

rapid wing.—Come, tell—for I hopeful omens have predicted all my voyage, and all the gods have urged me by their revelations to steer for Italy, and seek a land reserved for me. Alone, the harpy Celæno tells of a portent, strange and horrible, and threatens fatal vengeance and unucky famine. What peril should I most avoid? or by what observance might I surmount so grievous hardships?" Then Helenus, first sacrificing steers in proper form, intreats the favour of the gods, casts loose the fillets on his consecrated head, and, to thy temple, Phoebus, leads me by the hand, impressed with a pervading awe; and from prophetic lips the priest recites these words:

374. "Son of the goddess!—for, that you cross the deep with more than man's protection, there is a clear conviction—so does the King of gods arrange the destinies, and regulate their course; such cycle is in progress. I shall reveal to thee in words a few out of the many; that, with more safety, you may traverse foreign seas, and may find rest in an Ausonian port; for the Fates prevent my knowledge of the rest, and Saturnian Juno bids Helenus not speak it. First, a long and trackless way shuts out beyond far lands Italy, which now you fancy near, and fondly hope to make its neighbouring ports. Your oars must strain in the Sicilian waves, and the Ausonian sea be traversed by your fleet, and subterranean lakes, and Colchian Circe's isle, ere you can found your city on a friendly soil. The tokens I shall tell you: lay up and keep them in your memory. When, by the waters of a shaded stream, a large sow, found in your perplexity beneath the holm-trees on the bank, shall lie, the mother of a flock of thirty young, white, resting on the earth, her offspring white around her teats: there shall be the site of your city; that the sure cessation of your toils. Nor dread the menaced eating of your dishes. The Fates will find an expedient, and Apollo will be ready at your call. But shun these lands, this verge of the Italian coast, that next to us is washed by waters of our sea. All its cities are dwellings of the dangerous Greeks. Here, the Narycian Locri have reared their walls, and Cretan Idomeneus has covered with his soldiers the Salentine plains; here lies that small Petelia, fenced by the wall of Melisseus's prince, Philectes. Further, when wafted beyond sea, your ships are moored, and you shall pay your vows on altars reared upon the shore, veil your head closely in a crimson robe, that no unhallowed presence meet your view amid the consecrated fires, in worship of the gods, and may decrease the

omens. This form of worship let your comrades, this yourself maintain; in this observance let your pious *rites* abide. But when outward bound the wind shall bring you to the Sicilian coast, and the straits of close Pelorus shall part wide, be the western land and western waters your long and winding course: shun the eastern land and sea.

414. "These lands, they say, once rent asunder by a shock and vast convulsion—such changes can a long antiquity of time effect!—parted asunder, though both had formed one continuous tract: the sea by force ran midway, and with its waters severed the Hesperian from the Sicilian coast, and flowed with narrow tide between the plains and cities parted by a shore. Scylla occupies the eastern, the untamed Charybdis holds the western side, and, with a deep, unfathomable gulf, thrice sucks down the giant billows into the abyss, and again flings them successively to heaven, and hushes the stars with spray. But a cavern holds Scylla in its dark recesses, expanding her jaws, and drawing ships upon the reefs. Her upper form is human, and a fair-bosomed virgin to the waist; below she is a pristinæ of unseemly shape, a wolf's body, with dolphins' tails attached. Better to double slowly the limits of Trinacrian Pachynus, and take a long circuitous course, than once to see the shapeless Scylla in her ample cave, and rocks echoing to sea-green dogs. Besides, if Helenus have any prescience, if Apollo inspire his mind with truth, this one warning, god-dess-born, and this one above all, I shall impress, and with repeated repetition I shall warn you. Worship especially in prayer, the power of mighty Juno; to Juno promptly make your vows, and with submissive offerings bend the haughty Queen; thus, in the end successful, you shall run clear of Sicily, and reach the land of Italy. When watted hither, you shall approach the city Cumæ, the hallowed lake, and Avernus echoing through the woods, you shall behold the inspired prophetess, who, in the cavern's depths, recites the Fates, and announces her words and symbols to the leaves. What lines the virgin has once inscribed upon the leaves, she classes in order, and leaves locked within the cave; these rest unmoved from their position, and stir not from their place; but, when the gentle breeze, as the breeze turns, agitates the same; and the opening gate flutters the light leaves, she never after cares to catch them fluttering through the caverned crack, nor to restore their order, or connect the lines: unawarded they re-are, and taste the Stygian breeze. Here, let no loss of time be

so regarded:—though your companions scolded, and your voyage strongly tempt your canvass to the deep, and you might fill your sails with favouring gales—but that you wait upon the prophetess, and beg an oracle with prayers. Let her, swelling with passion, pronounce it; let her in kindness speak with open voice. She will reveal to you the tribes of Italy, your future wars, and how you may avoid or bear your several toils; and for your adoration she will grant a prosperous voyage. Such is the warning granted by my voice. Go, then, and by your deeds exalt great Troy to the heaven.”

463. When the seer, in friendly accents, spoke these words, he then commands presents of heavy gold and sculptured ivory to be conveyed to the ships, and stows on board his massive plate, and Dodonean chaldrons, a cuirass woven of rings, and woofed one-third with gold, a rich coned helmet with a flowing plume, arms of Neoptolemus. My father, too, received appropriate gifts. He gives us six horses, with their grooms, recruits our companies, and furnishes our crews with arms. Meanwhile Anchises bids us rig our fleet with sails, that no delay might lose the rising wind. Him the interpreter of Phœbus addresses with deep reverence: “Anchises, honoured by the lofty love of Venus, the care of heaven, twice saved from Troy’s ruins. There is Ausonia’s land for thee; go, take it in thy fleet. And yet you must be borne beyond it on the sea. That region of Ausonia which Apollo offers thee is far. Go,” he said, “blessed in the affection of thy son. Why do I preceed, and, while I speak, delay the rising winds?” Thus too, Andronache, saddened by the last farewell, brings garments figured with a woof of gold, a Phrygian mantle for Ascanius—for she was no less generous in her gifts—she heaps upon him presents from the loom, and speaks these words. “Take these, too, for a memento of my hands, my boy, and a remembrance of Andronache’s enduring love, the wife of Hector. Take thy friends’ parting gifts, O thou last surviving likeness of my own Astyanax. Such eyes, such hands, such features, all were his; and now he would be blooming out, in youth like thine.”

492. These friends, at parting, I addressed with starting tears: “May you live happy, whose fortune is now fixed; and from fate to fate successively are summoned; your rest is now secured; no plains of ocean to be ploughed, nor Ausonia’s ever-receding lands to be pursued; you look upon the likeness of the Næthus, and the Troy which your own hands

have fashions, under more happy destinies, I pray; and may it be less open to the Greeks. If I shall ever gain the Tiber and lands upon the Tiber's banks, and see the city fated for my people: we shall make one Troy in our hearts, our cities kindred from the first, and our adjacent tribes, who have a common founder, Dardanus, and the same fortunes. May this duty devolve upon our sons." We move onward on the sea by the near Cerænia, whence lay our course to Italy, and our shortest run upon the waves. Meanwhile the sun sinks low, and dark hills are wrapped in shade. On the bosom of the welcome land, beside the waves, we lay us down, distributing the oars, and all along the dry shore regale our bodies. Slumber flows softly on our weary limbs. Not yet had night, brought by the hours, mounted the zenith; Palmyrus rises promptly from his couch, questions all the winds, and listens for the breeze, and marks every star that rolled upon the silent sky. Arcturus, the watery Hyades, the twin Priones, and watches Orion armed in gold. When he perceives all tranquil in the slumbering sphere, he sends the loud signal from his ship. We strike our camp, and venture on our way, and spread our winged sails.

521. And now, the stars dispersed, the dawn rose blushing when in the distance we descried the misty hills, and Italy low on the horizon. Achates first hails Italy; my comrades, with a joyful cheer, greet Italy. Then father Anchises dressed a large goblet with a garland, brimmed it with wine, and standing high upon the stern, invoked the gods: "Ye powers that rule the sea, the land, and tempests, give us a tranquil course before the wind, and blow propitious." The breezes freshen to his wish, and the port opens now more near, and Minerva's temple looks out from the hill. My comrades furl the sails, and turn their heads ashore. The harbour on the eastern side is arched inward like a bow; the jutting crags foam with a salt spray; itself lies inward. The towered cliffs extend their arms in a double pier, and the temple recedes from the shore. Here I saw, our first omen, four steeds of snowy whiteness on the pasture, grazing at large upon the plain, and my father Anchises: "War, O foreign land, thou bringest; horses are armed for war: war these herds forebode; but yet these animals are sometimes trained to draw the chariot, and bear the rein upon submissive neck; there is hope also of peace," he said. Then we worship the dread power of arm-clashing Pallas, who first received us in our joy, and shroud our heads before the altar in a Phrygian veil: and, by the advice of Helenus

which he had given the most impressive, in due form we have the offerings prescribed for Argive *Juno*.

548. No delay,—our vows duly paid, at once we square our yard-arms to the wind, and leave the dwellings of the Greeks and the distrusted lands. Next comes in view the haven of *Tartarus*, built by *Hercules*, if fame speak true. The goddess *Lacinia* rises in front from the horizon, the heights of *Caucase*, and the wreck-strewn *Seyiaceum*. Then, far at sea, *Trinacrian Ætna* is descried; and in the distance we hear the deep roar of the sea, the echoing rocks, and sounds reverberating on the shore; the waters leap on high, and sands rise, mingled with the surf; and my father *Anchises*: “Surely, here is that *Charybdis*; these rocks, these frightful reefs, did *Helenus* foretell. Save yourselves, my comrades, and pull together on your oars.” They do as they were ordered, and *Palinurus* first turned the gurgling prow to the western wave: the whole squadron made for the west with oar and sail. We are flung to heaven on the arching billow, and then, on the retiring wave, sink to the deep manes. Three times the cliffs uttered a roar among the caverned rocks, three times we saw the beam thrown high, and the stars dripping.

568. Meanwhile the wind and sunlight forsook us in our weariness, and, losing our way, we drift on the shores of the *Cyclopes*. The haven lay retired from access of the winds, spacious within; but *Ætna* thunders near it with frightful crash, and casts forth, at intervals, a cloud of darkness to the sky, smoking with pitchy currents and heated cinders; emits fiery masses, and licks the stars; sometimes it belches up the rocks and shattered bowels of the mountain, and rolls to heaven with a roar the molten stones, and boils in its deep abysses. Tradition tells, that the thunder-smitten body of *Enceladus* is whelmed beneath this mass, and that great *Ætna* lies above, breathing its fire from broken furnaces; and when he shifts his weary sides, that all *Trinacria* trembles with internal roar, and darkens heaven with its smoke. All that night, beneath the shelter of the woods, we suffer frightful phenomena, but see not what cause produces the sounds; for there were no stars of light, nor sky illumined by the star-lit heaven; but clouds curtained the dark firmament, and the noon of night concealed the moon behind a mist.

588. And now the following morn was dawning with the early *Lucifer*, and *Aurora* had rolled back the dense darkness from *her* sphere, when, suddenly emerging from the woods

the form of a strange man, wasted by long famine, in piteous plight, advanced, and held his suppliant hands towards the shore. We look upon him: frightful disfigurement, his beard grown wild; his garment tacked with thorns; but in all else a Greek, and awhile sent to Troy in native arms. When he beheld afar the Trojan costume, and our Trojan arms; scared by the sight he paused a moment, and held back his steps; then headlong to the shore he flung himself with sobs and tears. "By the stars I adjure ye, by the gods, and by this vital air of heaven, take me, ye Trojans, to any land transport me. This will suffice. I own myself one from the Grecian fleet, and that I assailed in war the gods of Troy. For this, if the outrage of my guilt be so inexpressible, cast me upon the waves, plunge me in the unfathomed sea. If I die, it shall console me that I have died by human hands." He said, and clasping our knees, and falling on his own, he clings to us. We bid him tell us who he was, of what lineage he came, and what adventure followed him thereafter. My father, Anchises himself, extends his right hand to the youth without delay, and calms his apprehensions by that trusty pledge. He, his fears at length allayed, spoke thus:

513. "I come from Ithaca, my native land, a comrade of the ill-fated Ulysses. My name is Achemenides. Leaving my father, Adamas, in his poverty—and would that his fortune had been mine!—I went to Troy. Here, while my trembling comrades quit the blood-stained dwelling, thoughtless they left me in the wide cavern of the Cyclopes. The cave within is dark and spacious, stained by his bloody harquebus; himself a giant, towering to the high stars. Ye gods! remove from earth a scourge like him!—nor safe to look upon, nor gentle for any to address. He feeds upon the flesh of wretches and their purple gore. With my own eyes I saw him when, laid at length upon the cavern's floor, he dashed against the rock two of our company, grasped in his colossal hand, and the chamber flowed with sprinkled blood. I saw him when he gnawed their limbs, streaming dark gore, and the war's flesh quivered beneath his teeth. Not unrequited truly; nor did Ulysses tamely brook such deeds, nor did the Ithacan forget himself in such a crisis. For, soon as gorged with food, and sunk in drunken sleep, he bowed his headling neck, and lay along the cave, groaning, disgorging in his sleep the gore and food, mingled with blood-red wine; we, praying to the mighty gods, allotting each his duty, surrounded him all at once, and

with a pointed weapon we wrench out the one large eye that lurked beneath his scowling brow, large as a Grecian shield, or the bright star of Phœbus, and, at length triumphant, avenge the ghosts of our companions.

639. "But fly, unhappy victims, fly, and tear your nation from the shore; for, huge and savage as Polyphemus in his hollow cavern pens up his woolly sheep, and draws their milk, a hundred other dreadful Cyclopes dwell at large upon these winding shores, and roam along the mountain heights. The moon's third horns now fill with light, since in the woods, amid the lonely haunts and homes of savage beasts, I linger on my life, and from a cliff look down upon the Cyclopes, and tremble at the echo of their steps and voices. The trees supply a scanty diet, berries and stony cherries; and herbs with torn roots are all my food. Watching all round, I first observed this fleet nearing the shore; to this, whatever it might be, did I consign myself. It is sufficient to escape a savage tribe. Better that you, by any form of death, should take my life."

655. Scarce had he spoken thus, when, on the mountain top, we see the shepherd, Polyphemus, of colossal height, moving amid his flocks, and seeking the familiar shore, a frightful, shapeless, and gigantic monster, and bereft of sight; a leaped pine-tree guides his hand, and makes his steps secure; his fleecy flocks attend him, this his sole pleasure and comfort in affliction. When he felt the deep waves, and reached the sea, he bathed therein the streaming blood of his extracted eye, gnashing his teeth with a groan; and now he wades through the deep water, and not yet the wave had wet his lumpy sides. With nervous haste we speed our parting flight—taking our suppliant, who so deserved it—and cut our halber silently, then, bending forward, sweep the sea with emulous ears. He heard us, and bent his steps toward the sound. But when no means of grasping with his hand were possible, and in pursuit he could not match the depth of the Ionian waves, he raised a deafening cry, to which the sea and all its waters trembled. The land of Italy was shaken to its centre, and Ætna echoed to the roar within its tortuous caverns. But the whole tribe of Cyclopes, from forest and tall mountain, rushed to alarm to the port and throng the shore. We see them standing idly, with their scowling eyes, his Ætnean brothers, rearing their tall heads to heaven, a frightful company: like lofty oaks, or cone-bearing cypresses, 'tis all forest, in

Diana's grove, standing with high heads. Eten warior drives us with headlong speed to pay out our sheets for any course, and bend our sails before the following breeze. Again the advice of Helenus warns us to take no course between Scylla and Charybdis, the narrow risk of death. We resolve to put about. But lo! Boreas comes issuing from the point of narrow Palerna. I cruise by Pantagia's mouth of natural stone, the bay of Megara, and hollow Thapsus. Such features of the shore, retracing back his wanderings, Achaemenides, ill-fated Ulysses' comrade, showed us.

592. Fronting a Sicilian bay, opposite the wave-beaten Plennymrium, there lies an island. Men of former days called it Ortygia. Tradition says that the Alpheus, a river of Elis, made hither his way unseen beneath the sea, and through thy mouth, Arethusa, now blends with the Sicilian waters. We worship, as directed, the great local deities, and then I clear the rich soil of slow-streamed Helorus. Then the tall cliffs and the projecting reefs of Pachynus we run along, and in the distance Camarina, forbidden by the Fates to be removed, rises to view, and the Geloan plains, and Gela, seat of tyranny, called by the river's name. Next, the high-seated Acragas shows far away its world of walls, in other days the brood of high-mettled steeds. With favouring breeze I leave thee, Selinus of the palms, and cruise along the Lilybaean shallows, paved with sunken rocks. From this the port and melancholy shore of Drepanum receive me. Here, beaten by so many storms on the deep, alas! I lost Anchises my father: the solace of my every care and sorrow. Here, best of fathers, you forsook me in my weariness, vainly rescued from such deadly perils: nor Helenus, the seer, though many awful warnings he impressed, foretold to me this sorrow, nor dread Celano. This was my latest trial, this the goal of my long travels. Parting hence, the Deity has brought me to your shores.

So father Æneas to all their listening ears alone recounted the destinies of heaven, and told them of his wanderings. He ceased at length, and, ending here, withdrew to rest.

BOOK IV.

But the Queen, long since smitten with sore unhealed wounds, feels her heart's wound, and consumes with fire unquenched. The high heroism of the man, and the high dignity of his birth, return ever to her thoughts; his looks and words dwell deep impressed upon her heart; nor does unrest allow her limbs a peaceful slumber. The following dawn was lighting earth with beams of Phœbus, and had driven back the dowy darkness from the sphere, when thus, heart sick, she addressed her sympathizing sister: "Anna, my sister, how the visions of sleep haunt my wavering thoughts! What a guest has newly entered our abode! How noble in mien, how brave in heart and arms! I do indeed believe—and 'tis no idle thought—that he is a descendant of the gods. Fear is the evidence of low-born minds. Alas! by what vicissitudes has he been hunted! what war surmounted has he been recounting! If it were not my firm, immoveable resolve not to consent to any tie of marriage since my first love by death deceived my blighted hope; had I not grown weary of the chamber and the torch, I might, perhaps, give way to this one weakness. Anna,—for I will be candid,—since the death of hapless Sichæus, and the Penates sprinkled with a brother's blood, this man alone has influenced my thoughts, and moved my failing resolution. I recognise the traces of my former passion. But may the earth, I pray, yawn wide for me, or the Almighty Father hurl me with his lightning to the shades, the pale ghosts of Erabus, and subterranean night, ere I outrage thee, chastity, or violate thy obligations. He that first to himself united me has taken my love with him. Let him keep it with him and guard it in the tomb." So speaking, she filled her bosom with a flood of tears.

31. Anna replies: "Dearer to thy sister than the light, wilt thou, in lonely sorrow, pine all thy youth away? nor prove the love of children and rewards of Venus! Dost thou suppose that ashes and the dead within the grave regard such vows? Grant that no suitors moved thee in thy fresh sorrow, neither in Libya, nor before in Tyre; Iarbas was slighted, and other princes whom Africa, a land rich in its victories, maintains:—wilt thou combat even an acceptable love? Does it not come to mind in whose country thou hast settled? Here, the Gazulan cities, a tribe invincible in war, and the

marshes, Mountains, here as is, and the inaccessible Syrtis, there, a tract, unpeopled from its drought, and the wide-ravaging Barca. Why speak of wars kindling in Tyre, and our brother's menaces? I do indeed believe, that by heaven's good-will and Juno's favour, the Trojan barques steered hither by the wind. How great a city, sister, shall you see! what empire spring from such an union! with Trojan arms allied, by what exploits shall Punie glory rise! Do thou but beg indulgence of the gods, and, offering acceptable vows, indulge in hospitality, and frame a pretext for their stay: while tempest rages fierce upon the sea, and raving Orion, while barques are shattered, and weather is unmanageable." With words like these she fanned the blaze of love within her heart, lent hope to her uncertain mind, and banished delicacy.

56. First, they repair to the temples, and amid the altars beg for favour: they slay the chosen victims, in due form, to the Life-giver Ceres, Phœbus, and father Lyæus; to Juno, above all, whose province is the marriage tie. Dido herself, in all her loveliness, holding the bowl, pours it between the horns of a snowy cow, or paces round the leaden altars in presence of the gods—prolongs the day in offerings, and peering into the victims' opened breasts, draws omens from their throbbing vitals. Alas! the simple minds of seers! How do vows, how do shrines help the infatuate! The subtle fire meanwhile consumes her marrow, and, as an untold wound, is kindling in her heart. The hapless Dido burns, and roams in frenzy over the whole city. So the deer, when the arrow flies, which wandering heedless through the Cretan groves, a shepherd from the distance aiming with his weapon has shot through, and has unconscious left the winged steel: she roams in flight the woods and glades of Dictæ; the deadly shaft is rankling in her side. Now she conducts Æneas with her through the city, displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city all designed. She tries to speak, and falters in the midst of her discourse. Now, at the close of day, she longs for the same festival; once more, infatuate, she begs to hear the fall of Troy; and once again she hangs upon the speaker's accents. Then, when they parted, and the moon, waning in turn, withdraws her light, and setting stars invite repose, she strays in lonely melancholy through the deserted hall, and reclines upon the empty cushions. Absent, she sees and listens to him, absent; or caught by his father's likeness, folds Ascanius to her bosom; if she may beguile her unutterable passion. The unfinished

towers cease to rise; the youths exert no more in arms, they build no harbours or battlements for war's defence; the intermitted works linger, the lofty, frowning ramparts, and engines reared to heaven.

90. But when Jove's dear consort observed that she was held in such a malady, and reputation no bar to her insanity, in words like these Saturnia addresses Venus: "Matchless praise, in truth, and a rich victory you and your son bring back, a high and memorable name, if one woman be subdued by craft of two divinities; nor is it quite unseen by me that you do dread our city, and hold in fear the homes of stately Carthage. But what shall be the end? or why such earnest rivalry just now? Why not rather entertain a lasting peace and nuptials duly solemnized? You have what you have coveted with all your soul. Dido burns in love, and has imbibed its passion through her frame. Let us then sway this nation on equal terms and with impartial favour; let her be subject to a Phrygian consort, and assign the Tyrians as a dower to thy hand."

105. To her—for she knew she spoke with inincerity, to transfer the sovereignty of Italy to Libya's shores—Venus thus replied: "Who so mad as refuse such offers, or prefer opposing thee in war? if fortune but attend the measure you propose. I am, however, uncertain of the Fates, if Jupiter please that Tyrians and the emigrants of Troy should have a common city, or sanction the blending of the nations, and closing of the treaty. You are his consort; your privilege it is to sound his sentiments by your request. Take you the lead, I shall second you." Then royal Juno thus resumed: "That task shall rest with me: now by what means our present purpose may be effected—listen! I shall briefly show you: Æneas, and with him the unhappy Dido, intend to go into the woods to hunt, soon as the morrow's sun shall shed his earliest beams, and light the world with his rays. I shall pour on them from above a darkling shower of mingled hail, while their troops run fitfully and circle the glades with toils, and shake all heaven with my thunder. Their guards shall be dispersed, and shrouded in deep darkness. Dido and the Trojan prince shall repair to the same cave. I shall be there, and if I have your definite consent, I shall unite them in firm wedlock, and make her his for ever. This shall be their marriage." Venus, consenting to her will, approved, and smiled at the detected guile.

122. Meanwhile Aurora rose and left the queen, the chosen

youths at sunrise leave from the gates, the broad-headed carts, the yokes, the wide hunting-spears, Massilian horsemen speed, and the quick-scented pack. Phœnician nodules at the gates await the Queen lingering in her chamber. Her steed is ready, dressed in gold and purple, and proudly champs the foaming bit. She comes at length, a numerous retinue attending, wearing a Tyrian cloak, embroidered on the edge; her quiver is of gold; her hair is laced with gold; a clasp of gold sustains her crimson robe. The Phrygian company too, and the glad Iulus, advance. *Æneas*, also, most beautiful of all, comes to take part, and joins his troop. Like *Apollo*, when he forsakes Lycia, his winter home, and *Xanthus'* streams, and visits his maternal *Delos*, and renews the dance: when, mingled round the altars, *Cretans* and *Dryopes*, and tattooed *Agathyæi* join the shout. He walks upon the heights of *Cynthus*, and with a flexile wreath confines in shape his flowing locks, and laces them with gold; his arrows clasp upon his shoulder. With no less ardour came *Æneas*; an equal dignity beams from his peerless form.

151. Soon as they gained the mountain heights and trackless lairs, lo! the wild goats, plunging from the rocky steep, ran down the hills; and on the other side the deer cross in their speed the open plains, and congregate in flight their dusty troops, and leave the highlands. But young *Ascanius*, in the deep valleys, exults in his fleet courser, and leads now these, now others in the chase, and prays for a foaming bear to meet him among the unresisting game, or a brown lion to come down from the hills. Meanwhile the heaven begins to be convulsed with the loud thunder: a shower of mingled hail ensues. Then the Tyrian company, the Trojan youths, and the Dardanian grandson of *Venus*, dispersed in terror, sought various shelter through the plains. Torrents flow down the mountains. *Dido* and the Trojan prince repair to the same cave. Eldest *Tellus* and connubial *Juno* make signal; lightning flashed, and æther cognizant of the connection, and nymphs upon the mountain summit screamed. That hour first was the forerunner of her death, that first of ruin, for neither by appearances nor reputation is she moved. *Dido* no more designs clandestine love: she calls it marriage; by this name she cloaks her fall.

178. At once, through the great cities of *Libya*, *Fame* goes forth; *Fame*, that whom no other curse flies faster; she strengthens by her speed, and gains new vigour as she goes.

Humble at first, through fear, she soon rises to the heaven; she walks upon the earth, and veils her head amid the clouds. Her mother, Terra, angered by the wrath of heaven, produced her, as they tell, the latest sister of Cœus and Enecladna, swift on her feet and her untiring wings, a monster frightful and gigantic, who bears a sleepless eye beneath each feather on her body, wondrous to tell; as many tongues, as many mouths keep sounding, as many ears she opens. By night she flies whirling through the mid heaven, and the shadow of earth and closes not her eyes in genial sleep. By day she sits observant, either on some lofty house-top or airy tower, and alarms great cities; as strong in fiction and in scandal as to proclaim the truth. She was at this time filling the nations with manifold reports, and heralding alike the true and false—that Æneas, sprung from Trojan ancestry, had come, and to this man the lovely Dido stooped to join herself; that they now passed together all the long winter in sensual delights, heedless of royal duties, enslaved by an unseemly passion. These words the hideous goddess published wide upon the people's tongues.

196. Straightway she bends her course to King Iarbas, who flames his passion by her words, and aggravates his wrath. He, the son of Ammon by a ravished Libyan nymph, built in his wide dominions a hundred stately fanes to Jupiter, a hundred shrines, and hallowed the ever-burning fires, the undying beacons of the gods—a domain fattened by the victim's blood, and portals decked with many-coloured wreaths. He, distracted in mind, and fired by the unwelcome news, is said before the altars and in presence of the gods, with earnest supplication and uplifted hands, to have addressed this prayer to Jove: "Almighty Jupiter, in whose worship now the nation of the Moors, who feast upon embroidered couches, pour offerings of wine, dost thou behold all this? or do we idly dread thee Father, when launching the thunder? Do causeless flashes amid the clouds strike terror to our hearts, and wake unmeaning sounds? A woman who, as she strayed upon our frontier, built an humble city for a price, to whom we gave possession of the shore and territorial rights, has scorned our love, and taken her lord, Æneas, to her throne. And now this Paris, with his eunuch retinue, binding his chin and flour-dripping hair with a Macedonian turban, enjoys the spoil, because we bear our offerings to thy shrines, and venerate a vain tradition."

218. Praying, in words like these, his hand upon the altar, the Omnipotent heard him, and turned his eyes upon the royal walls, and the lovers heedless of their nobler fame: then thus addresses Mercury, and so commissions him: "Go, speed, my son, summon the æephyrs and sail upon your wings, and address the Trojan prince, who now is lingering in Tyrian Carthage, and cares not for his predestined cities, and take my message through the fleeting breeze. His mother, Queen of beauty, never vouches him such, and so twice saved him from the Grecian arms: but that he should be one to rule Italy teeming with sovereignty, and lead in war, who would prove his lineage from Teucer's noble blood, and lay the wide world beneath his sceptre. If no ambition for such glorious deeds can animate him, and he attempts no enterprise for personal renown, does the father envy his son the *human* hills? What does he purpose? or in what hope lingers he amid a hostile race? Does he not look to his Ausonian offspring and Latinian realm? Bid him set sail. This is irrevocable, be this our message."

238. He spoke. The other proceeded to obey the mandate of his mighty Father. And first he clasps upon his feet his golden sandals, which bear him soaring upon wings, high over land or sea, fast as the rapid storm. Then he takes his wand: with this he summons the pale ghosts from Orcus, others he sends to gloomy Tartarus: gives sleep and breaks it, and unseals the eyes from death. By help of this he guides the storm, and floats across the driving clouds. And now, in his flight, he sees the crest and the tall sides of flinty Atlas, who props the sphere upon his head; Atlas, whose juncus-crowned head, ever diademed in dusky clouds, is beaten by the stormy shower. Fallen snow mantles his shoulders; then torrents roll from the chin of the ancient, and his frozen beard is stiff with ice. Here Cyllene's son, leaning on his poised wings, alighted first. Hence, with his whole weight, headlong to the waves he cast himself, like the low-flying bird that skims the waters round the shores and fishy rocks; so Cyllene's son, descending from his maternal grandaïre, flew between land and sky, and cleft the winds by Libya's sandy shore.

252. Soon as he touched the bats with winged feet, he saw *Alcæus* dragging towers and raking buildings; he wore a sword starred with yellow Jasper; his cloak, falling from the shoulder, was bright with Tyrian crimson, presents which Dido from her treasures had bestowed, and whom the war

with threads of gold. At once he addressed him : " Art thou now laying foundations of stately Carthage, and, beneath a wife's control, rearing a fair city ? Alas ! heedless of thy kingdom and thy own concerns ! The King of gods himself, who guides the earth and heaven by his nod, sends me to thee from the empyrean heaven. He bids me bear this message to thee, through the fleeting breeze : What do you purpose ? or in what hope lose time in Libyan lands ? If no ambition for such glorious deeds awakes you, and you attempt no enterprise for personal renown, think of the rising Ascanius, the prospects of your heir Iulus, to whom the crown of Italy and Roman realms are predestined." Speaking these words, Cylene's son, in midst of his address, withdrew from human vision, and vanished far from view into transparent air.

279. But Æneas, bewildered at the view, stood silent ; his hair stood up in terror, and his utterance was choked. He burns to flee away, and part from the seductive land, amazed by such impressive warning and mandate of the gods. Alas ! what can he do ? By what persuasion can he now venture to beguile the infatuate Queen ? What first initiative can he take ? And he turns his quick-changing purpose now on this, now on that design, looks hastily on various plans, and ponders every possibility. In his perplexity, this seemed the preferable course : He summons Mnestheus, Sergestus, and brave Cloanthus ; he bids them secretly equip the fleet, and muster their crews upon the shore, get arms in readiness, and conceal the motive of the change, that, in the interval, while generous Dido was still in ignorance, and could not dream that love so warm could be severed, he would essay persuasion, and the softest moments to address her, and the course most suited to his purpose. At once all promptly yield obedience and perform his orders. }

296. The Queen, however,—who can deceive a lover ?—suspected their designs, and earliest learned their intended movements, fearing all, though safe. The same irreverent Fame conveyed to the impassioned lover the arming of the fleet, and preparations for the voyage. She chafes, bereft of reason, and roams wildly through the whole city, like a Bacchante, goaded to madness by the opening rites, when the triennial orgies rouse her by the call of Bacchus, and the night-haunted Cithæron invites her with its cries. At length, unsought, she meets Æneas with these words : " And did you hope, inconsistent, to conceal such treachery, and unobserved

to leave my realm? Could not our love, nor the power of hand I pledged thee once, nor Dido, like to die a cruel death, detain you? Even in the winter season, do you equip your fleet, and amid northern blasts make speed to cross the sea? heartless! What! if you sought no foreign land, no strange abode, and ancient Troy were there, could Troy be reached by ships upon the heaving sea? Is it from me you would escape? Oh, by these tears, by your own honour—since I have saved but this for my unhappy self—by our love, by our recent marriage, if ever I have earned your gratitude, if aught of mine had ever any charm, pity a falling house: and, if there still be room for supplication, cast away that purpose. For your sake the tribes of Libya and the Nomad kings detest me—the Tyrians are incensed. For you, too, my honour is effaced, and my past reputation, whereby alone I rose near heaven. To whom do you abandon me, so soon to die, stranger?—since but this name remains instead of consort—what do I wait for? Till my brother, Pygmalion, levels my walls, or Iarbas, the Gætulan, leads me to captivity? Had I, at least, conceived of you some offspring before your flight, some young Æneas, to gambol in my halls, and bring you back in feature, I should not feel so utterly deceived and desolate.”

331. She spoke. He, under Jove's command, held his eyes unmoved, and with a struggle tamed down the anguish of his heart. At last he answers, briefly: “I shall never deny, O Queen, that you have bought my gratitude for all that words can reckon, nor shall I regret to think upon Elysia, while I am conscious of my being, while spirit animates these limbs. I shall speak briefly to the point: I never meant—never imagine it!—to hide this parting by a falsehood; nor did I ever hold on high the nuptial torch, or enter into such a contract. Were Fate to suffer me to spend my life after my choice, and order my duties after my own preference, I would devote myself first to the city Troy and the dear ruins of my country. Priam's high palace should continue, and I would restore to the vanquished Pergamas rising from its fall. But as it is, Grynaean Apollo and the Lycian oracle have ordered me to turn to the great Italy. This is my love, this my country. If towers of Carthage, and the view of a Libyan city, charm your Phœnician eyes, what possible objection to the Trojans settling in Ausonian land? We, too, are privileged to look for foreign realms. Oh as the night mantles the earth in dewy shades, off to the fiery stars shine out the restless

phantom of my father Anchises warns and scares me in my dream. The young Ascanius, and the wrong to his dear head, whom I am cheating of his Hesperian kingdom and predestined land. Now, too, heaven's messenger, sent down by Jove himself,—I call them both to witness,—brought his instructions through the fleeting breeze. I saw the god myself, in radiance visible, enter the walls, and heard his voice in my ears. Forbear to agitate yourself and me with your repining; I look for Italy not unconstrained."

[362. While yet he spoke these words, she looks on him in scowling anger, rolling to and fro her eyes, and in silent gaze regards him all; then thus indignantly breaks forth: "Neither is thy mother a goddess, nor Dardanus parent of thy race—perjured!—but on its flinty crags the rugged Caucasus produced thee, and Hyrcanian tigresses thy nurses. Why then should I conceal it? or for what deeper insult do I wait? Has he ever sympathized with my tears? has he changed his look? has he been moved to shed a tear? or shown a tender pity to my love? What shall I deem the worse? Now, now, neither the mighty Juno, nor the Saturnian Father, regards all this with an impartial eye. Nothing secure to trust in anywhere. I sheltered him when wrecked upon the shore, a beggar, and madly set him on my divided throne. I saved from death his shattered fleet and followers. Alas! I am driven to madness by remorse. 'Now the seer, Apollo, now the Lycian oracle, now the messenger of heaven, sent by Jove himself, brings awful mandates on the breeze.' That is, of course, a trouble to the gods,—that care disquiets their repose! I neither keep you, nor disprove your words. 'Go! look for Italy before the winds, look for your kingdom through the sea.' I do indeed foresee—if tender heaven has any power—that you shall suffer punishment upon the rocks, and often call on Dido's name. I shall pursue thee, though I be far away, with fires of hell; and when icy death shall sever soul and body, my ghost shall haunt thee everywhere: wretch! thou shalt suffer retribution. I shall hear it, and the news shall reach me amid the shades below." With these words she broke off the unfinished interview; heart-sick, she fled the light, and turns away and rushes from his presence, leaving him in anxious, tremulous perplexity, and meditating a long reply. Her attendants support her, and bear her fainting limbs to her marble chamber, and lay her on a couch.)

393. But the gentle Andros, though he longs to calm her

pain by consolation, and dispel her sorrows by persuasion, sighing deeply, and moved in soul by her strong affection,—still he obeys the orders of the gods and returns to the fleet. Then the Trojans urge the work, and launch their tall galleys along the shore; the lubricated hulls lie floating; they bring green oars and rough timber from the woods, in haste to go. You might behold them moving and thronging from the whole city. So the ants, when they plunder a tall heap of corn, providing for the winter, and store it in their cave, the black army moves along the plains, and on a narrow pathway through the grass gather in their stack; some, with straining shoulders, shove on the ponderous grains, some drill the companies, and punish littersers: the path is all alive with industry. What were then thy feelings, Dido, at such a sight! How deeply did you sigh when, from your lofty citadel, you descried the shore all bustling, and beheld the wide sea within your view, all agitation with such noisy haste! Passionate love! whither dost thou not drive the human heart! Once more to tears, once more to venture on entreaties is she moved, and humbly to bow down her pride to love, that, ere an unavailing death, she might leave no resource untried.

416. "Anna, you see the haste along the shore, from every where around they are collected; the canvass now invites the breeze, and the glad mariners have decked their ships in garlands. Could I but have anticipated so deep a sorrow, I should have power to support it too. Still, Anna, perform for me this one service in my misery, for the faithless man requested you especially; to you he would confide even his secret thoughts: you alone knew his yielding moments and favourable opportunities. Go, sister, and address, submissively, my insulting foe. I never swore at Aulis, with the Greeks, to exterminate the Trojan race, nor sent a fleet to Pergama. I never rooted up the buried ashes of his father Achilles. Why dost he refuse my words an entrance into his elaborate ears? Whither does he haste? Let him grant this best favour to his capacious lover; let him await a tranquil voyage and a following breeze. I do not now demand the conjugal fidelity of old, which he has disowned, nor that he should forfeit fair Latium, or forgo his kingdom. I ask an unimportant thing, a pause and respite in my sorrows, till my misfortune teach me to be resigned and bear my sorrow. This is the last indulgence that I beg—have pity on your sister!—and when you grant me this, I shall repay it with interest at my death."

437. Thus she would plead; and such sad remonstrances her sister hears repeatedly; but by no eloquence of tears can he be bent, nor does he softly listen to any pleading. Fate forbids it, and the god closes the hero's gentle ears. So when Alpine storms, with mutual rivalry, and blasts from every point, uproot a sturdy oak with aged trunk, the crash comes, and the leaves, as the stem totters, deeply strew the ground. It holds on by the rocks, and far as it shoots its head to heaven, so far it sends its roots to Tartarus. In such wise the hero is assailed with ceaseless plaints on every side, and deeply feels the pain in his strong heart: his purpose rests unmoved; tears fall unavailing.

450. Then miserable Dido, appalled by her affliction, prays for death; she sickens to behold the arch of heaven. That she may sooner execute her purpose, and forsake the light, she sees, while making offerings on the incense-burning altars—awful to tell!—the consecrated wine grow black, and the shed libation turn to ill-boding blood. This omen she divulged to none, not even to her sister. There was, moreover, in the palace, a marble shrine of her first husband, which she used tend with an especial reverence, braided with snowy fillets and festal garlands. From this appeared to issue softly the voice, and words of her husband, as though he called her, when dusky night shrouded the earth, and the lone owl upon the house-tops, with her dirge-like scream, would often hoot, and lengthen her long cries into a voice of woe. Besides, the several prophecies of former seers alarm her by their fearful boding. The cruel Æneas also haunts her in her dreams; she dreads ever that she is left in solitude, ever upon a tedious journey, unattended, and seeking her Tyrians in a desolate land; like Pentheus raving, when he sees a host of Furies, the sun shine double, and Thebes appear twofold; or Agamemnon's son, Orestes, dramatized, when he shrinks from his mother armed with torches and venomous snakes, and the Furies of retribution keep watch upon the door.

474. When, therefore, mastered by despair, she took the Furies to her breast, and resolved on death, she silently arranges with herself the time and manner; and, addressing her desponding sister, dissembles her intention with her eyes, and wears the peace of hope upon her brow. "I have discovered, sister, an expedient—rejoice with your sister!—to bring him back to me, or free me from his love. By Ocean's limit and the setting sun lies the far country of the Eubœians, where

giant Atlas rolls upon his shoulders the sphere, spangled with blazing stars. From that land a priestess, of Mæsylian birth, has been presented to me,—the warden of the shrine of the Hesperides, who used to feed the dragon, and guard the sacred fruit upon the tree, sprinkling fluid honey and narcotic poppy-juice. She undertakes by sorceries to emancipate what hearts she will, and upon others to inflict cruel earnest; to stay the current of the stream, and turn the planets back; she summons the night wandering ghosts. You will observe the earth growing beneath her feet, and the ash-trees moving down the mountains. I call the gods and thee to witness, sister dear, even thy beloved self, that I resort unwillingly to witchcraft. Do thou, unseen, erect a pyre within the central court, raised high to heaven, and lay thereon the arms of the man, which, treacherous, he left hung within my chamber, all the garments, and the marriage bed, the cause of all my ruin. The priestess orders and instructs me to efface every memorial of the guilty man."

499. Having so spoken, she is silent. Then paleness overcasts her features. Still Anna never deems that her sister marked her death beneath these ceremonies, nor suspects such height of madness, nor dreads aught more serious than on Sicheus' death. She therefore makes the ordered preparations. But the Queen, soon as the pyre was reared high to heaven in the inner court, festoons the place with garlands, and decks it with a mourning wreath. Upon the couch she lays the garments, the forgotten sword, and the bust, preparing for the coming end. Altars are built around, and the priestess, with streaming hair, calls, in thundering voice, unnumbered gods, Kronos, Chiron, triple Hecate, the threefold form of maiden Diana. She sprinkles also pretended waters of the fount Averna. Downy herbs are gathered, cut by moonlight with a brazen sickle, with the sap of deadly poison. Gathered also is the love-tuft, torn from the head of the young colt, and intercepted from the dam. The Queen herself, beside the altar, with tustled cake and cleansed hands, one foot unsandalled, in a zosteria robe, invokes, before her death, the gods and stars, witnesses of her fate; then she addresses in prayer whatever gentle and considerate power feels sympathy for ill-mated lovers.

512. Night came, and weary animals of earth were culling peaceful sleep; woods and wild waves were hushed; then stars are rolling in their zenith course, then every plain is still; beams and many-coloured birds—and as frequent the wide English

taken, and ragged brambles of the field, lulled in sleep between the still night, lay, resting their cares and well-forgetting hearts. Not so the heart-wrung Phœnician, for she never loses herself in sleep, nor enjoys the night on eye or memory; thoughts come thronging; and again reviving love grows wild, and surges with a deep tide of passions. Thus, then, she dwells upon it, and so communes with her heart: "Lo! what am I doing? Shall I, again deluded, resort to former suitors, and humbly sue for marriage to Numidiana, whose love I have so often scorned? Shall I, then, seek the Trojan fleet, and the degrading bondage of the Teucri? Because it is a satisfaction to have already helped them with my aid, and gratitude for favours past dwells in their careful memory? But who, suppose I would, will suffer me? Who will admit me, whom they hate, into their scornful ships? You know not—alas! lost woman—you cannot yet imagine the treachery of Laomedon's race! Well then, shall I, companionless in exile, follow the exulting mariners? or, backed by all my Tyrian host, pursue them? and shall I take again to sea, and bid them shake their canvass to the breeze, whom I could scarce bring with me from the city Sidon?" Rather die, as thou hast earned it, and turn aside thy sorrow with the sword! You, my sister, yielding to my tears, first loaded me, in my intonation, with these ills, and placed me at the mercy of the enemy. Might I not, still unwedded, have spent a guiltless life, like some wild animal, and approach no cares like these? My promise, pledged to dead Sicheus, has not been kept!" Such were the deep regrets she uttered from her breast.

554. *Æneas*, in his tall galley, now resolved to go, was taking brief repose, all preparations duly made. To him the apparition of the god, returning in the same form, arose in sleep, and thus again it seemed to warn him, resembling in all, voice, and colour, and golden tresses, and limbs of youthful symmetry. "Son of the goddess, canst thou sleep on in such a crisis, and not see what following perils hem thee round? Fool-confident! nor hear the favouring zephyr sigh? She meditates surprise and deadly vengeance, resolved on death, and surges with a fitful tide of passions. Art thou not fleeing hence with headlong speed, while there is time for speed? Soon shall you see the waters vexed by galleys, and vengeful torches glare, and the shores lit up with fire, if the dawn shall find thee lingering on this lead. Up, then! break off delay: warlike is even

“*Wake and incontinent.*” So speaking, he mingled with the dusky gloom.

571. Then Æneas, startled by the sudden vision, rous’d in haste from sleep, and rouses his companions: “*Awake, in haste, my men, and man the thwarts; quick, unlace your sails! A god, descending from high heaven—lo! a second time—urges me to speed my flight, and eat the foisted halber.*—We follow thee, worship of heaven, whoever thou be, and once more gladly we obey thy mandate. Assist and mercifully aid us, and send us guiding stars in heaven.” He said, and drew from out the sheath his flashing sword, and smote the helms with the naked blade. At once the like excitement animates them all; they hale and haste: they have forsaken the shore: the waters are hidden by their barques: with straining arms they ding the foam, and sweep the azure waves.

584. And now dawning Aurora, leaving Tithonus’ saffron couch, was sowing on the earth her orient light: when as the Queen, from her view-turret, saw the whitening dawn, and the dead scudding under its boomed canvass, and noticed the lonely shores and bay without an oar, thrice and four times smiting her fair bosom with her hand, and rending her golden hair: “*O Jupiter! shall he go,*” she said, “*and shall the foreigner insult our realm? shall they not seize their arms, and make pursuit from the whole city, and others launch the galleys from the docks? Go! bring fire brands quickly, spread sails, spring guns! What do I say, or where am I? What madness turns my head?*” Then Dido! now your guilty deeds come home to you: it should have been when you resigned your crown. Lo! his truth and honour, who, they say, brought with brother nation’s gods: who bore upon his shoulders his age-blinded father: would I not have torn his dismembered body, and flung him on the waves? With the sword exterminated his followers, and even his Ascanius, and made him a banquet for his father’s table? But then the chances of the fray were doubtful. Given that they were! When had I to fear, prepared for death? I might have thrown the brand into his camp, and choked with flames their hatchets, I might have quenched him, father, and the whole tribe—and after, sacrificed myself. Then you, who lightest with thy beams all earthly shades; thou Juno, who must understand and feel these sorrows, Hecate, greeted with screams in the light-haunted crossways of the tower, vengeful Furies, and guardian genii of dying Æneas!—hear this, and

view too gaily with due vengeance, and hear my prayer. If it must be that his detested head shall reach the heaven, and come safe to land; if so the Fates of Jupiter require, and such result is fixed: then, harassed by war and arms of some faithless tribe, exiled from home, severed from the embrace of his Iulus, let him intreat protection, and witness his people's ignominious deaths: nor, when he shall have yielded to the term of an unequal peace, let him enjoy his power or the life he loves, but fall before his time, unsepulchred amid the sands. This is my prayer; these parting words I pour out with my blood. Then do you, Tyrians, pursue with vengeance his house, and all his coming progeny, and make this offering to my ashes. Be there no love, no truce between the nations; arise thou, some avenger, from my bones, to scourge with fire and sword the Trojan settlers, now, hereafter at any hour when means shall come; shores opposed to shores, waves to waves, arms to arms, I pray: and that present and coming generations be at war!"

850. Thus she spoke, and turned her thoughts on every expedient, longing at once to break the hateful tie of life. Then briefly she addresses Bæreë, the nurse of Sichaüs, for the dark urn held her own in the old country: "Nurse, dear to me, send hither my sister Anna; bid her in haste to sprinkle on her the running stream, and bring with her the victims and proscribed oblations; so let her come; and thou, too, bind thy brow with sacred fillets; my purpose is to consummate the rites of Stygian Jupiter, which in due form I have commenced, and make an end of all my pains, and consign the Trojan's effigy to the flames." So she spoke. The ether urged her steps with the officiousness of age. But Dido, agitated and wrought to madness by her awful purpose, rolling her blood-streaked eyes, and her quivering cheek all flecked with blotches, and pale in the shadow of death, bursts into the inner palace-court, and wildly mounts the lofty pyre, and bares the Trojan sword, a gift not meant for use like this. Here, when she saw the Trojan garments, and the familiar couch, pausing awhile in tears and meditation, she bowed her head upon the couch, and spoke her latest words:

850. "Relies dear, while fate and heaven were kind, receive this life, and unbind me from these sorrows. I have lived and run the course which fortune gave me; and now my shadow shall pass glorious beneath the earth; I have reared a stately city, I have looked on my own walls: to avenge my husband I have

perished an unnumbered brother. Happy! alas, too happy, and the Trojan harpies has never touched our shores!" She spoke, and, pressing her lips upon the couch, "I shall die unavenged! Still, let me die," she said, "thus—thus, it comforts me to pass to the shades. Let the cold Trojan drink with his eyes this fire from the deep, and take with him the omen of my death." She had spoken, when her attendants saw her, ere her words were finished, fall on the sword, the blade streaming, and her sands dabbled with blood. The shriek arises to the lofty halls: the news runs riot through the alarmed city; the houses echo with plaints and sobe and screams of women; æther resounds to the loud wailing. It was as if all Carthage or old Tyre were falling beneath an entering foe, and the mad flames were curling round the roofs of men and gods.

672. Fainting and frightened by the nervous haste, her sister, staining her face with her nails, and her bosom with her clenched hands, rushes through them all, and calls the dying Queen by name: "And was it this, my sister? would you make me the victim of deception? was this the object of that pyre I raised? was this the meaning of the burning altars? Forlorn, what shall I most complain of? Did you disdain your sister's company in death? You should have summoned me to the same fate: the same pang of the steel, and the same hour should have taken us two. Even with these hands I piled it, and invoked our country's gods, that I should coldly part from thee, so laid! Thou hast slain thyself, my sister, me, thy people, Sicily's elders, and thy city. Bring water to bathe her wounds, and let me catch with my lips whatever parting breath still lingers now!" So speaking, she ascended the high steps, and clasped faintly to her bosom her dying sister with a sigh, and tried to staunch the dark blood with her robe. (The other strove to raise her drooping eyes, and sank again: the deep wound gurgles in her breast. Three times rising, and leaning on her arm, she raised herself; three times she rolled back upon the couch, with swimming eyes she looked for light from the high heaven, and sighed farewell to it when found.

693. Thus slauht'ry Juno, pitying her tedious agony and lingering death, sent Iris from Olympus to sever the struggling spirit from the clinging body: for she was dying, not naturally, nor by a contributive death, but by untimely blight, and goaded by sudden frenzy. Not yet had Proserpine left from her laud the golden hook, and disowned her to the Stygian Orms: and so, drew Iris, on her vellow wings, floats down the

sky, trailing unnumbered varying hues, frosting the sun, and stood above her head. "This consecrated lock, ordered, I bear to Dis, and from that body I unbind thee." She said, and with her right hand cut the lock; and on the instant all vital warmth was gone, and her life departed on the breeze.

BOOK V.

MEANWHILE Æneas, now resolved, was keeping his maiden course in his fleet, and clearing the dark billows before the wind, looking back to the walls now lighted from the pyre of the hapless Eliza. The cause that kindled so high a flame is yet uncertain, but the deep pangs of slighted passionate love, and the suspicion of what a love-lorn woman may do, lead the minds of the Trojans to dark conjectures. When the ships gained the deep water, and no more land in view, all around is ocean, and all above is sky; a purple cloud hung above his head, charged with gloom and tempest, and the water grew rough beneath the darkness. Even the pilot, Palinurus, from the tall stern: "Alas, why have such heavy clouds o'ercast the sky, or what, father Neptune, dost thou intend?" Having thus spoken, he then commands to strike their sails, and spring the tough oars; he takes the wind on the beam, and thus declares himself: "Noble Æneas, I could not hope, though Jupiter ensured it, to reach Italy in such weather. The shifting winds are roaring across our path, and blowing from the darkling west; the air is darkened into clouds. We are able neither to work against it, nor keep our way; since Fortune masters us, let's follow her, and where she summons us reverse our course. Nor do I deem the friendly shores of your brother Eryx, and the Sicilian ports, far distant; if I but well remember, and can retrace the stars I marked." Then the gentle Æneas: "I do, indeed, long since observe, that so the winds compel us, and that you vainly strive in opposition—change your course by the sails. Can any land be more welcome to me, or where I should prefer to moor my tempest-worn barques than that which holds for me Trojan Acetes, and clasps in its bosom the bones of my father Anchises?" After these words they steer for land, and following zephyrs fill the sails. The fleet speeds swiftly on the waves, and glad at length they hail the old, familiar shore.

35. But from the far summit of a lofty hill, Acæstes beholds with wonder the arrival of the friendly ships, and hastes to meet them, bristling in javelins and a Libyan bearskin—a Trojan mother had given him birth, the son of the River Crimæus. With heart full of their ancient fathers he greets their safe return, and gladly welcomes them with homely cheer, and comforts the weary with his generous aid. When the next day, beaming with early dawn, had chased away the stars, Aeneas summons his companions to a meeting from all the shore, and from the barrow of the tomb addresses them: "Mighty sons of Dardanus, sprung from heaven's high lineage, the cycle of the year is now filled up of perfect months since we have laid in earth the bodily relics of my deified father, and consecrated weeping altars; and now the day, if I err not, is come which I shall ever hail with grief and reverence—such, heaven, is thy will! This day, were I to pass an exile on Gætulian sand banks, caught on the Grecian seas, or in Mycenæ's city, still would I fulfil my yearly vows and the due form of annual festival, and pile the altars with appropriate gifts. Now we are here, by accident, even at my father's urned bones, not indeed, I deem, without the will and providence of heaven, and wafted within the friendly haven. Come then, and all together let us honour the festal day. Let us intreat of him a favouring breeze, and that, our city built, he may permit my offering these annual rites in his own consecrated shrines. Acæstes, born of Troy, gives you two oxen for each ship. Invite ye to the feast your country's gods, and whom our host Acæstes worships. Further, if the ninth morn shall bring a genial day to mortals, and with its beams light up the world, I shall set up among the Trojans prizes for the fleet palloys, for the strong in speed of foot, and for the confident in strength; for him who comes victorious at the javelin and bounding arrow, or braves the close encounter of the loaded gauntlet. Let all attend, and look for prizes of the well-won palm. All be kind with your applause, and wreath your brows with garlands."

72. When he spoke thus, he twined his temples with his mother's myrtle. So Elymus, and so Acæstes, ripe in years, and so the young Ascanius, whom the other youths imitate. He proceeded from the assembly, with many thousands, to the tomb, surrounded by a numerous throng of followers. Here, with due ceremony, he pours in libation on the earth two bowls of unmix'd wine, two of fresh milk, two of sacrificial

blood, and strews flowers of brilliant hue, and speaks these words: "Hail! sainted father, once more hail! ye ashes, vainly revisited, spirit and shadow of my father! I might not seek with thee Italian realms and predestined lands, nor, whatever it be, the Ausonian Tiber." He had thus spoken, when a slimy snake from the deep chamber came trailing seven long coils, seven rings, gently circling the tomb, and gliding round the altars. Blots of azure inflamed its back, and beamy spangles of gold kindled its scales; like the bow amid the clouds, flinging its countless mingling hues, fronting the sun. Æneas stood aghast at the sight. Gliding, with its long train, slowly through cups and burnished bowls, it tasted the viands, and again retreated harmless to the deep tomb, and left the altars where it fed. More promptly, therefore, he renews the imperfect worship of his father, doubtful if he should regard it the guardian of the place, or the familiar of his father: he slays the customary pair of victims, as many swine, as many black-skinned steers, poured a libation from the cups, and invoked the spirit of great Anchises, and his shade risen from Acheron. His companions, too, according to their several means, gladly make offerings, pile the altars, and slay steers; others set up the chaldrons in a row, and, laid upon the grass, set fire beneath the spits, and roast the flesh.

104. The expected day was come, and Phæton's steeds were bringing up the ninth day-break with tranquil beams. The announcement, and the famed Acestes' influence, brought in the neighbours; they thronged the shore in joyous company to see the Trojans, some, too, prepared for competition. The prizes first are set before their eyes and in the centre of the lists: sacrificial tripods, and green wreaths, and palms the guerdon of the victors' arms, and crimson-braided robes, talents of gold and silver; and the trumpet from the central mound sounds the opening of the games. Four picked galleys from all the fleet enter the contest with their heavy sweeps. Mnestheus impels the flying *Pristis* with an ardent crew—soon the Italian Mnestheus, from whom the clan of *Mæmæus* are named; Gyas, with vast exertion, moves the huge *Chimæra*, large as a town, which the Trojan youths urge on with triple bank; in three lines the oars arise. *Sergestus*, from whom the *Sergian* house derive their name, mans the great *Centaur*; and in the azure *Scylla*, *Cleanthus*, whence thy lineage, *Roman* *Cluentius*.

124. Far in the sea, fronting the surf-beaten shore, there

stands a rock, which, sometimes overwashed, is beaten by the angry waves, when wintry Corn intercept the stars; in calm weather it lies silent, and stands, an elevated plain, above the moveless waters, a favourite rest of basking cormorants. Here Æneas planted a goal of the green helm, a mark for the crews, by which they may know where to turn and veer about in the long race. Then by lots they take their coverings; and the rowers on the stern-sheets glitter afar, gleaming in purple and gold. The other youths are dressed in peacock wreaths, their bare shoulders stream with shining oil. They sit upon the thwarts; and their arms strained upon the oars, they wait the signal anxiously; throbbing excitement drains their beating hearts, and the awakened passion for renown. Then, when the trumpet sounded clear, all without stay, bounded from their stations; the cheer of mariners startles heaven; the waves are flung in foam by indrawn arms: side by side they cleave their furrowed paths; and the wide sea is rent and broken by oars and trident beaks. Not so headlong, the chariots, in the two-horse race, cover the ground and start speeding from the barrier: nor in such haste, the drivers shake the flowing reins upon their teams, and, bending forward, ply the whip. Then, with applause and cheering of the men, and zeal of partisans, the forest echoes through, and the circling shores reverberate; the hills vibrate and give back the sound. Amid the excitement and the cheers, Gyas bounds on before the rest, and glides foremost on the water, him Cleonthus follows next with better oars, but the slow hull impedes him with her weight. Astern of these, at equal distances, the *Pristis* and the Centaur strive to hold the foremost ground. And now the *Pristis* gains it, now the huge Centaur beats and passes her; now they both move together and abreast, and with long keel furrow the briny water.

153. Now they were nearing the rock, and closing on the goal, when Gyas, foremost and winner over half the course, hails with his voice Menotes, coxswain of his boat: "Whither do you steer so far to the right? Turn your helm this way, keep to the land, and let your blades graze the rocks on the left. Let the rest keep to sea." He spoke, but Menotes, dreading the sunk rocks, turns the bow to the sea. "Whither do you fall off? Keep to the rocks, Menotes!" Gyas once more called loudly; and lo! he sees Cleonthus close upon his helm and steering smaller. He, between the ship of Gyas and the sinking rocks, takes the left side closer in, suddenly shows

ahead of the foremost, and doubling the goal, gains the open sea. Then deep vexation burned in the youth's vitals, nor were his cheeks tearless; and, forgetting his own dignity and the safety of his crew, flings the slow Menœtes headlong from the high poop into the sea. He takes the helm himself as coxswain and commander; he cheers his men, and turns his tiller to the land.

179. But Menœtes, disabled by years, and dripping in his wet garments, when at length he rose slowly from the deep abyss, ascends the summit of the rock, and sat upon a dry crag. The Trojans laughed to see him fall and swim, and laugh when he disgorged the briny water. Here a glad hope was kindled in the hindmost two. Sergestus and Mnestheus, to pass the lingering Gyas. Sergestus first secures the ground and nears the rock; nor yet did he lead by a whole boat's length, leading by part: the rest the rival Pristis covers with her bow. But Mnestheus, walking through the ship's waist among his crew, cheers them: "Now, now, lean on your oars, my Hectorian crew, whom I chose to follow me in Troy's expiring struggle; put forth now that strength and spirit which you showed on the Gætulian sand-banks, the Ionian sea, and Mælea's persecuting waves. No longer do I, Mnestheus, court the victory, nor strive to conquer, but still!—yet, let those come first to whom you, Neptune, have vouchsafed it. Let it be shameful to come in the last. This stain, my countrymen, prevent and rise above." They bend to the work with highest emulation; the brazen taffrail quivers beneath the mighty strokes, the sea flies backward, then a short gasp convulses their limbs and panting throats: perspiration flows in streams all over.

201. More accident gave the men the coveted distinction; for, while Sergestus, in his wild excitement, urges his prow to the rocks, to steer inside, and enters the narrow pass, he struck, unhappy, on the jutting rocks. The reefs were shaken, and the struggling oars grated on the pointed ledge, and the stranded bow hung high; the crew start up, and, with a loud cry, back water, and seize the-iron headed hooks and sharp-pointed poles, and gather their broken oars upon the water, while Mnestheus, glad and encouraged by his more good fortune, with a swift bank of oars, and winds invoked, starts his homeward course, and speeds along the open sea. So the dove, whose home and cherished nestlings lie in a sheltering cliff, suddenly startled from her cave, shoots flying to the

plains and, scared from her cover, flaps her loud wings, then, sailing through the moveless air, she floats along her guided path, and waves not her fleet pinions. Thus Mintheus, thus the *Pristis* self cleaves in her flight her homeward way, as her mere impulse maintains her speed.

220. Then first she leaves *Sergastus* struggling on the high rock and shallow fords, vainly imploring help, and practising to row with broken oars: then *Gyas* and the heavy *Chimæra* he overhauls: she yields, as she has lost her pilot. And now none but *Cleanthus* at the very end remains; him he pursues, and, straining every energy, keeps near. Then the applause redoubles, and all with acclamation animate the pursuer, and æther echoes to the crash. The one crew scorn to lose the lion-oar now their own, and the well-won victory, and are content to barter life for glory: the other their success maintains; they can, because they think they can. And they would, perhaps, have won the prizes bow to bow, had not *Cleanthus*, spreading both hands over the deep, prayed a hasty prayer and called heaven to hear his vow. "Ye gods, who own the sway of ocean, whose seas I travel, to you, here or the shore I shall gladly set a snowy bull before your altars, bound by my vow, and cast its entrails into the salt sea, and pour the flowing wine." He spoke, and under the deep waves all the choir of *Nereids* and of *Pææcus* heard, and maiden *Panopæa*, and father *Portunus*, with his own strong hand, impelled him as he went. She sped to land swifter than southern breeze or feathered arrow, and hid herself in the deep haven.

244. Then *Achilles'* son, when all were duly summoned by his herakle's loud voice, proclaims *Cleanthus* victor, and wreaths his temples with green bay, and gives presents to convey to the ships, the choice of three stores each, wine, and a heavy talent of gold. On the commanders he confers personal distinctions: on the victor, a mantle laced with gold, which a deep edge of *Mellibæan* crimson circled in double maze: there was in-wrought the youthful prince on wood-crowned *Ida*, nerving, with javelin and spear, the agile deer, looking intent, and seeming breathless, whom *Jove's* winged armour-bearer bore up from *Ili* in his talons. The aged warders vainly stretch their hands to heaven, and the baying of dogs grows angry on the breeze. Then to him who by his prowess earned the second place, a culreus linked with rings and third wood of gold, which, himself the victor, he had torn from *Demeleus*, in the arduous *Sinonis*, by stately *Ilium*:—he gives the bare,

to wear, a badge and a protection in the battle. Scarce could the attendants, Phlegus and Sagaris, bear it folded on their straining shoulders; but in time past Demoleon, clad in it, pursued the routed Trojans at full speed. Two brazen chaddrons he makes the third reward, with bowls of wrought silver, and sculptured in relief.

268. And so, all now rewarded, and proud of their possessions, went, wearing crimson bands upon their brows, when, shov'd from the perilous rock by patient ingenuity, with loss of cars, and feebly moving with a single bank, Sergestus was bringing up his disappointed and unhonoured galley. So, a snake surprised upon the high road, which the brazen wheel has crushed slantwise, or the wayfarer, with heavy blows, has left half-slain and mangled with a stone; in fruitless efforts to escape, folds his body into lengthened coils, unsubdued in part, with flashing eyes, and rearing high his hissing neck, the rest, maimed by the wound, incumbers him writhing into knots, and tangling his body with itself. Rowing like this, the lame galley moved: still, he hoists a sail and enters the haven with full canvass. Æneas presents Sergestus with the promised gift, glad of the safety of the boat and rescue of the crew. To him a bond-maid is given, skilled in the accomplishments of Minerva, Pholœe, a Cretan born, and two children on her breast.

286. This contest over, Æneas proceeds to the grassy plain, which groves on sloping hills circled all round, and in the central valley an amphitheatre was formed, whither the hero, with many thousands went surrounded, and sat upon an elevated seat. Here, who-so may haply wish to strive in the fleet foot-race, he tempts their ambition by rewards, and offers prizes. All round, Trojans and Sicilians come in a mingled throng, Nisus and Euryalus the first. Euryalus, peerless in figure and fresh youth, Nisus, in pure affection for the boy, these followed next, the prince Dioces, of Priam's lofty line; next, Salius and Patron, of whom one an Acarnanian, the other of Arcadian blood and Tegœan birth; next, two Sicilian youths, Helymus and Panopes, trained in the forest, followers of old Acœtes; many besides whom Fame forgotten keeps unknown. To these, as they stood round, Æneas then thus spoke: "Hear me with attention, and apply your joyful minds. None of this company shall go uncompensated by me. I give to each two Cretan javelins, glittering with lavished steel, and a pole-axe of chased silver. This proves

for all alike. The three foremost shall have prizes, and their brows wreathed with the pale olive-bough. The first victor shall win a richly harnessed horse; the second, an Amazonian quiver, full of Thracian arrows, which a broad belt of gold encircles, and a buckle fastens with a polished gem: the third need go content with this Greek helmet." When he spoke thus, they took their ground, and suddenly, the signal heard, all bounded on their course and left the barrier, rushing like a tempest. Soon as they tread their backward course, Nisus springs foremost and far ahead of all. He darts more swiftly than the wind and winged lightning. Next him, but nearest at wide intervals, Salius comes on; then, with an intervening space, in the third place, Euryalus. Helymus follows Euryalus; close after him, lo! Diorec flies, and near upon his shoulder strikes heel with toe, and had more rounds remained, he would have passed him shooting onward, or left it undecided.

327. And now, nearly at the close of the race, and tired out, they were gaining the goal, when Nisus, ill-fated, slipped on the slimy blood, where, accidentally, from the slain oxen it overflowed the ground, and damped the green sward. Here the youth, already exulting in his victory, lost his tottering footing on the trampled ground, and fell forward amid the unclean offal, and consecrated blood. Still he forgot not Euryalus, and their affection: for, rising on the slippery surface, he made himself an obstacle to Salius: then he lay rolled upon the deep sand. Euryalus bounds on, and, victor by the service of his friend, now holds the lead, and flies amid applause and favouring cheers. Next, Helymus comes on, and Diorec, now the third victor. Here Salius, with loud remonstrance, fills the circle of the wide concavity, and the front seats of the elders, and demands the prize, fraudfully intercepted, to be restored to him. His popularity pleads for Euryalus, and graceful tears, and merit showing more attractive in a form of beauty. Diorec helps him, and loudly testifies,—who succeeded to the palm, and should claim in vain the lowest prize, if the first honour were adjudged to Salius. Then father Æneas says: "Your prizes, youths, remain determined, and none disturbs the order of the palm; to me it may be optimal to pity the mishap of my unoffending friend."

351. So speaking, he bestows on Salius the ponderous hide of a Gætanian lion, heavy with mane and gilded claws: hereupon Nisus says: "If such a prize await the disappointed

and you sympathise with the fallen, what most reward will you bestow on Nisus, who earned by my prowess the first wrath, but for the unkind chance which supplanted me like Salus?" And, while he spoke, he showed his face and limbs soaked by the slimy filth. The best of fathers smiled on him, and bade the shield to be produced, the work of Didymæon, left by the Greeks from Neptune's sacred portal. With this surpassing gift he glads the peerless youth. Then, when the race was finished, and the gifts dispensed: "Now, whoso has strength, and ready courage in his heart, let him appear, and raise his arms, with hands encased." So he said, and displayed the double guerdon of the strife; for the victor, a steer dressed in gold and fillets; a sword and showy helmet to console the vanquished.

368. No delay; at once Dares comes forth with mighty strength, and rises amid the loud applause of men; he that alone went to compete with Paris, and at the tomb where mighty Hector sleeps, struck down victorious Butes' giant frame—who claimed descent from the Bebrycian line of Amycus—and laid him fainting on the yellow sand. Such was Dares, who first raised his towering head for the encounter, showed his broad shoulders, stretched and flung up his arms alternately, and beat the breezes with his blows. A match is wanted for him; but none of so vast a throng has courage to confront the man, and pull the gauntlets on his hands. Gaily, therefore, and believing all resigned the palm, he stood before Æneas' feet; then, without more delay, he seizes the bull's horn with his left hand, and so addresses him: "Son of the goddess, if none dares risk the fight, what is the limit of my waiting? how long beseems it that I be delayed? Bid me bear off the prize." All at once the Trojans shouted their acclaim, and bade the promised prize be given the hero. Hereupon old Æcetes urges Entellus with his words, while seated next him on the green grass-bank: "Entellus, vainly the first of heroes in times past, wilt thou so tamely suffer such a prize to be won without a struggle? Where now is Eryx, that god of ours, vainly recorded as thy master? where thy renown through all Trinacria, and those trophies hanging on your walls?"

394. He, in reply to this: "'Tis not that my love of praise, or my ambition, shrinking through fear, is gone; but blood, chilled by damping age, is torpid, and bodily strength is cold and withered. Had I now what once I had, and what in

insolently prides and trusts in—had I now that youth, not tempted by the prize, or the fair bull, I would arise; I set no value upon prizes." So speaking, he then cast down before them all two gauntlets of unwieldy weight, wherein Eryx used to show his hands in fight, and brace his arms with the stubborn hide. Their minds were stunned, seven strong hides of bulls so large were stiff with welded lead and iron! Above all Dares himself stands in amazement, and utterly declines, while Anchises' noble son turns up and down the vast and heavy folded gloves. Then the old champion uttered these words: "What, if one saw the gloves and arms of the great Hercules, and the deadly combat here upon the shore! These were the weapons your brother Eryx one time used to wear; you see them still dyed with blood and broken brains. With these he stood before the great Alcides; with these I was familiar, while warmer blood gave strength, ere yet envious age sprinkled its snows on both my temples. But if Trojan Dares objects to these our arms, if such be the will of the gentle Æneas, and my patron Acestes approve, let us level the chances; I forego for you the gloves of Eryx; disperse your fears; and you remove your Trojan gauntlets."

421. So saying, he doffed his folded tunic from his shoulders, bared his huge limbs, his strong bones and muscles, and stood gigantic on the open sand. Then the father, Anchises' son, produced similar gauntlets, and strapped the hands of both in equal arms. Straightway each stood to his full height on tiptoe, and raised his arms, undaunted, high in air. They retracted far their towering heads from the blow, tangle hands in hands, and goad on the fight: the one more agile on his feet, and aided by his youth; the other excelling in strength and weight; but his stiff knees totter as he trembles; a painful gasp convulses his huge frame. Many abortive blows the heroes bandy with each other, many fall thick upon their hollow sides, and echo loud upon their breasts; the frequent hits come wide upon their ears and temples; their jaws crash beneath the hard weapons. Old Intellus keeps his ground, unmoved from the same posture, and merely evades the blows by inclinations and his watchful eye. The other, like one who assaults by earth-works some high-perched city, or invests with armed blockade a mountain fortress, surveys artfully now this, now that approach, and the whole ground, and, foiled in various efforts, perseveres. Intellus stowed his right hand as he rose, and held it high; the other quick foresaw the blow

descending from above, and, by an active movement, slipped aside. Entellus spent his force upon the wind, and unimpelled the heavy man fell heavily to earth with his gigantic weight. So, on a time, some caverned pine uprooted falls on Erymanthus, or tall Ida.

450. The Trojans and Sicilian youths arise together in conflicting aid; the cry ascends to heaven; and first Acestes runs to him, and, sympathizing, lifts his coeval friend from the ground. But, nor disabled nor frightened by his fall, the hero more fiercely turns again to fight, as anger wakes his strength. Shame also, and his self-known prowess, kindles up his might, and, in his excitement, he drives Dares headlong through the whole plain, showering his blows, now right, now left; no stay, no respite. As thick as the hail-storms that patter on the house-tops—with blows so thick with evil—~~the hero~~ the hero incessantly strikes and staggers Dares. Then ~~lower~~ Aeneas suffered not his fury to proceed farther, but closed the combat, rescued the exhausted Dares, and in consoling words addressed him thus: "Unhappy man! what strong infatuation seized your mind? do you not feel your strength impaired, and fortune frowning? Submit to fate!" He spoke, and closed the combat by his word. But his trusty friends support him to the ships, trailing his powerless limbs, drooping his head on either side, and disgorging clotted blood and teeth mingled in the gore; and take, when called, the sword and helmet; the victory with the bull, they leave Entellus.

478. Hereupon victorious, elate in spirit, and priding in the bull: "Son of the goddess," he said, "and ye, Trojans, take note of this; what strength I must have had in my young body, and from what death you saved and called back Dares!" He spoke, and stood before the bull confronting him, which stood, the guerdon of the fight; and, with retracted hand, stood high and aimed the stubborned gauntlet straight between the horns, and crushed the bone upon the mangled brain. The ox reeled, and quivering dropped lifeless on the ground. He spoke, as he stood over it, these words: "This more acceptable life I offer to thee, Eryx, for Dares' death here, victorious, I resign my gauntlets and my skill."

485. Forthwith Aeneas summons all who may desire the contest of the winged arrow, and lays down the prizes. With strong hand he rigs a mast from Sergestus' galley, and a flou pigeon, on a running cord, at which to aim the shafts, he attaches to the loft-mast. The men assembled, and a horning

case, received the inserted lots; then, before all, the box of Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, came forth with acclamation; him Mnestheus follows, victor in the recent boat-race, Mnestheus crowned with olive boughs. The third, Eurytion, thy brother, high-famed Pandarus, who once, when prompted to annul the truce, first shot your weapon amid the Greeks. Accestes lingered last, and in the helmet's depth; for he, too, ventured to essay the youthful exercise. Then, with strong arms, the heroes arch the springing bows, each for himself, and uncase their arrows from the quivers; and through the air, from whirring string, the shaft of young Hyrtacides first cleaves the winged breeze, and comes and plants itself in the opposing wooden mast. The mast quivered, and the frightened bird flattered on its wings, and all echoed to the loud applause. Next the watchful Mnestheus stood with tightened bow, aiming upwards, and levelled at once his eye and weapon; but unluckily he failed to reach the bird with his arrow; he severed the knotted flaxen cord, with which she hung bound by the feet to the tall mast. She soared, flying to southern breezes and the dusky clouds.

518. Then quickly, and holding his arrow ready levelled on his sighted bow, Eurytion called his brother to his vows, seeing her sporting in the free air; and, as she waved her pinions, pierced the dove beneath a darksome cloud. She dropped lifeless, left her spirit amid æther's stars, and, as she fell, brought back the driven shaft. The victory now lost, Accestes alone remained; still, however, the elder shot his weapon to the breezy air, showing at once his skill and singing now. Here a sudden portent, and, in time to come, of serious import, meets their view; the strange result eventually proved it, and the alarming signs foretold a late fulfilment: for the flying shaft took fire among the vaporous clouds, traced its path in light, and, consuming, vanished into viewless air. So, many a time, the stars unsphered shoot slanting, trailing as they fly a fiery mane. The Trojans and Sicilians stood motionless with minds amazed, and prayed to heaven; nor does the mighty Jovea reject the omen; but, embracing glad Accestes, loads him with precious gifts, and thus addresses him: "Take them, father; for by such an omen heaven's great King designed that you should win peculiar honours. This gift the old Anchises' own, you shall receive, a beaker sculptured with figures, which Thracian Cisseus once bestowed on my father Anchises, as a rich present, a proof and pledge of his

affection." So saying, he wreaths his brow with olive boughs, and proclaims Acestes first victor before all; nor did the generous Eurytion grudge the intercepted prize, though he alone brought down the bird from the deep air. He next succeeds to a reward who cut the string; the last, who fixed his feathered arrow in the mast.

545. Then father Æneas, the company not yet dispersed, calls to him Epytides, tutor and companion of the young Iulus, and speaks thus to his confidential ear: "Go, haste," he said, "and bid Ascanius, if he has with him his troop of boys all ready, and has arranged the evolutions of the horses, to bring his companies in honour of his grandfather, and show himself in arms." He orders all the thronging multitude himself to clear a spacious circus, and that the plain be opened. The boys advance, and, side by side, within their parent's view, shine on bridled steeds; and, as they came, all the youth of Sicily and Troy murmur their admiration. All wore their hair confined in shape with trimmed garlands; they carried each two cornel lances with steel heads, some wore bright quivers on their shoulders; a pliant band of plaited gold, from the bosom's height, circles the neck; three troops of riders, and three leaders manoeuvre: attending each, twice six youths glitter in separate troops, with like commanders. One band of youths, which the young Priam led exulting, reviving the hereditary name, thy noble son, Polites, destined to aggrandize Italians; a Thracian steed bears him, marked with white spots, his fore fetlocks white, and with proud neck showing a blaze in front. The second Atys, from whom the Latin Atii trace their line; Atys, of tender years, a youth loved by young Iulus. The last, and fair in form above them all, Iulus rode on a Sidonian horse, which the bright Dido had bestowed, a proof and pledge of her affection. The other youths are mounted on Sicilian steeds of old Acestes.

575. The Trojans greet the timid youths with their applause, and hail the sight, and trace the features of their forefathers. When they had proudly ridden in review by the whole company and their gazing friends, the son of Epytus gave them now ready the distant signal with a shout and cracked his whip. They broke in equal numbers, and in three several bands parted their separate companies; and, again recalled, retraced their paths, and presented their fixed lances. Then, in opposite positions, they make other successive advances and retreats, involve alternately circle in circle, and

make a mimic fight in arms ; now they expose their backs to fight ; now they turn their lances to the charge ; now, a pæon arranged, they ride in company. So, once in lofty Crete, the labyrinth is said to have contained a maze threaded with undistinguished walls, and undefined among a thousand paths, where error, undetected, untraceable, could perplex the guiding tokens of the way. In some such course the Trojan boys involve their steps, and represent in sport the flight and combat ; like dolphins that, darting through the watery depths, cleave the Carpathian and Libyan seas, and gambol through the waves. This fashion, this cavalcade, and this same tournament Ascanius first revived when girding with his ramparts *Longa Alba*, and taught the Latin aborigines to celebrate in such form as he in boyhood, and with him the youth of Troy, the Albans taught their sons ; then royal Rome in turn received it, and maintained the ancestral worship ; and now it is called Troy, the boys, the Trojan band. So far were solemnized the games in honour of his sainted father.

604. Here their altered fortune first disowned allegiance. While they offer the periodic rites before the tomb in various games, Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven to the Trojan fleet, and breathed a favouring breeze as she descended ; in anxious thought, nor yet fed full of her abiding vengeance. She, speeding her way along the many-coloured bow, unseen by all, came gliding downward in a hasty path. She looks upon the numerous throng, surveys the shore, and sees the port forsaken, and the fleet unmanned. Then, far on the lonely beach, the Ilian dames, withdrawn, were mourning lost Anchises, and all in tears were gazing on the unfathomed sea : " Alas ! that such a voyage, and so much sea, remained for the weary !" was the unvarying cry of all. They pray for a city. 'Tis weary to endure the hardships of the deep. Therefore, prepared for mischief, she threw herself among them, and cast off the form and costume of a goddess. She becomes Berce, the aged wife of Ismarian Dorychus, who might one time have had nobility, and fame, and offspring ; and so she introduces herself among the Trojan matrons. " Unhappy women," she says, " whom no Grecian hand had dragged to death beneath your native walls ! Ill-fated race, for what and does fate reserve you ! The seventh summer since Troy's fall now rolls by, while we go traversing the seas, all lands so many inaccessible rocks and climes ; while through the watery waste we follow receding Italy, and toss upon the waves

Here are the friendly realms of Eryx, and Acestes' hospitality: what prevents their building walls, and raising a city for inhabitants? O my country, and gods vainly rescued from the enemy! shall no walls now for ever bear the name of Troy? Shall I nowhere find Xanthus and Simois, Hecorean streams? Nay, come, and burn with me these luckless barques; for in my dreams the shade of the inspired Cassandra seemed to hand me blazing brands. 'Seek here your Troy, here is your home,' she said. Now is the hour for action; let no delay mar such an intimation; see Neptune's four altars; the god himself lend us the fire and the nerve."

641. As she spoke thus, she seized with energy the fatal brand, and with an effort of her lifted arm she fanned and flung it. The spirit of the Trojan dames was roused, their reason paralysed. Here one of the crowd, who was the eldest, Pyrgo, the royal nurse of Priam's many sons: "This is not your Berœe, matrons, this no Rhætean wife of Doryclus; mark the features of celestial beauty, and the flashing eyes; what an air, what looks, what tone of voice, and what a carriage as she moves! I have myself left Berœe, as I came just now, sick and desponding, because she alone was absent from this ceremony, and could not pay due honour to Anchises." So she spoke, while the matrons, with rising doubts, and suspicious glances, looked on the ships, wavering between their strong affection for the present land, and realms inviting them by Fate; when the goddess soared on balanced wings through heaven, and in her flight traversed her broad arch in the clouds. Then the matrons, bewildered and goaded by excitement, exclaim, and seize the fire from the consecrated hearths. Some strip the altars, and throw on the wreaths, and boughs, and brands. The fire rages with unbridled fury through thwarts and oars, and hulls of painted pine. Eumelus comes with tidings of the burning ships to Anchises' tomb, and the benches of the circus; while they observe, untold, the murky ashes floating in a cloud.

667. Then Ascanius first, as proudly he was leading his careering horsemen, so quickly on his steed he sought the troubled camp, nor can his trembling guardians stay his course. "What means this strange excitement? What now, what do you purpose?" he exclaim, "ah! wretched countrywoman, not an enemy, no camp of Grecian foemen; your own house you burn; here am I, your own Ascanius." He flung his empty helmet at their feet, in which he led the game of unslain

war. *Æneas* also comes in haste, and with his hosts of *Trojans*. But they dispersed in terror all through the distant shores, and fly to woods and secret caverned rocks in all directions; their purpose, even their life, disgusts them. They recognise their friends in their repentance; and *Juno* is banished from their hearts. But not for this cause do the flames and fires forget their untamed fury. The creaking burns between the soaking wood, emitting lazy smoke; the slow combustion feeds upon the hulls, and the contagion spreads through the whole frame; no efforts of the heroes, nor streaming water helps them. Then the gentle *Æneas* rent his tunic from his shoulders, called heaven to his assistance, and held up his hands: "Jupiter Almighty, if not yet renouncing the *Trojans* to a man, if wonted sympathy still gives regard to human sorrows, grant that our fleet do now escape the fire, O Father, and save from death *Troy's* slender fortunes; else, with thy fatal bolt consign to death what yet survives, if so I merit, and crush them here with thy right hand."

693. Scarce had he spoken thus, when a black storm of thirsting showers rages beyond example; the highlands and plains rock beneath the thunder; from the whole firmament a rushing shower of water falls, darkened by misty south winds. The barques are overflowed; the charred wood softens in the rain, till all the fire died out, and all the ships, four lost, were rescued from destruction. But father *Æneas*, shocked by the sore calamity, turned his heart's deep anxieties to and fro, debating if he should settle on *Sicilian* plains, forfeiting his destinies, or make the shores of *Italy* his own. Then aged *Nautes*, whom especially *Tritonian Pallas* taught, and distinguished with much excellence, gave such suggestions as he heavy wrath of heaven prompted; or, as the course of destiny required; and to re-assure *Æneas*, he thus began: "Son of the goddess, whither Fate calls us to and fro, let's follow! Whatever comes, all accident is vincible by patience. Yet save *Trojan Acestes*, of celestial birth, take him to share your counsels, and adopt his willing aid; assign to him all the superfluous crews of the lost barques; all who are weary of your high enterprises, and your vicissitudes. The aged elders, matrons tired of sea, and all of thine that faint and tremble at the danger, select; and let the weary own a city in this land. The city they shall call, by licensed name, *Acesta*."

713. Animated by such suggestions of his aged friend, then were his thoughts distracted by all anxieties. And what

night, rolled on her cloudy car, o'ercrest the sphere, then, gliding from heaven, the form of his father Anchises seemed suddenly to utter words like these: "My son, dearer once than life, while life remained, disciplined in Troy's fates, by Jove's command I come, who warded fire from thy fleet, and has at last looked pitying from the high heaven. Obey the most judicious counsels which aged Nautus gives; the chosen youths, hearts of highest heroism, take into Italy: a stubborn race and roughly trained, you have to tame in Latium. First, however, visit the low abodes of Dis, and through deep Avernus seek an interview with me, my son. No saddening shades of the unhallowed Tartarus contain me, but in the blissful society of the blessed in Elysium I dwell. Hither the virgin Sibyl, by streaming blood of black victims, shall conduct thee. Then thou shalt hear of all thy lineage, and the predestined city. And now farewell; dewy night rolls on her zenith course; and the inclement East has breathed upon me with his snorting steeds."

740. He spoke, and fled like vapour into the bodiless air. Æneas cries, "Whither then away? whither hasten? whom lost thou flee, or who drives thee from my embrace?" So speaking, he revives the embers of the slumbering fires, and humbly worships with consecrated cake and loaded censer, the Lar of Pergamus, and the shrines of white-haired Vesta. At once he summons his companions, and, above all, Acestes, and explains Jove's mandate, the injunctions of his dear father, and the purpose now determined in his mind. Nor delay obstructs his measures, nor does Acestes object to the request. They draft the matrons to the city, and leave a willing multitude, souls unambitious of high renown. The rest replace their thwarts, and renew in their ships the half-burnt planks, and repair their oars and rigging; small in number, but the life of heroism in war. Meanwhile Æneas traces the city with a plough, and applots the building-sites. This he orders to be Ilium, and this district Troy. Trojan Acestes is proud of his regal rights, inaugurates the Forum, and gives authority to the assembled elders. Then, towering to the stars, upon the peak of Eryx, a temple is founded to Italian Venus, and for Anchises' tomb a priest and wide domain are consecrated.

762. Now all the people feasted for nine days, and worship offered on the altars; soft breezes smoothed the waters, and the fresh-blowing south tempts them once more upon the seas:

their weeping rises loud along the indented shores : a day and night they linger in tender partings. Now these same matrons, and they to whom erewhile the face of ocean looked stern, and its power insufferable, would go and bear with every hardship of the voyage ; these the generous Æneas consoles with friendly words, and, weeping the while, consigns to his kinsman Acestes. Then he bids them slay three steers for Eryx, and a lamb for the tempests, and the halber to be slipped in form. Standing himself high on the bow, his head circled with a trimmed olive-wreath, he holds a cup, flings the entrails into the salt waves, and pours the flowing wine. The breeze, rising astern, follows in their wake. The crews simultaneously cleave the sea, and sweep the level waters.

779. Still Venus, meanwhile, vexed with anxieties, addresses Neptune, and uttered from her heart these plaintive words. "Juno's heavy wrath and heart implacable constrain me, Neptune, to resort to any supplication ; for neither length of time, nor any sympathy, conciliates her, nor is she awed into repose by Jove's command ; or by the Fates. 'Tis not enough for her unutterable spite to have gnawed away one city from the heart of Phrygia, nor led the survivors through all martyrdom. She persecutes the inurned bones of murdered Troy. She may herself conceive a motive for such vengeance ; you are, yourself, my witness what a sudden storm she called up on the Libyan sea, in vain reliance on Æolian blasts, and mingled the wide sea with heaven, proscribing thus within your realms. Behold, too, the Trojan matrons treacherously instigated, she burned our ships maliciously, and compelled us, losing our fleet, to leave our friends upon a foreign land. To the rest, I pray, may you be free to vouchsafe their voyage through the waves ; may they be free to reach Laurentian Tiber, if my request be possible, if the Fates leisure that city."

792. Then the Saturnian ruler of the vasty deep made this reply. "It is your full privilege, Cytherea, to trust in my dominions, whence you take your birth. I have deserved it too. Oft have I calmed the anger and such fury of wind and wave ; nor on the land—I call to witness Xanthus and Simoe—have I felt less concern for your Æneas, when Achilles, pursuing the fainting Trojan host, drove them upon their walls, and gave to death many a thousand. When the choked rivers groined, and Xanthus found no channel, nor could issue at the sea ; in that hour I bore up in a mandrag alone your

Æneas, matched with strong *Pelides*, his gods and strength against him; though I longed to raze from their foundation the walls of *Troy* forsworn, reared by my own hands. Now, too, my feeling perseveres the same; dispel your fears. In safety he shall reach, as you desire, the haven of *Avernus*. One only shall there be, whom, lost upon the wave, he shall regret. One shall be sacrificed for many."

816. When by these words he calmed to gladness the breast of the goddess, the father harnesses his steeds in gold and lays the foamy bridles on the animals, shakes the slack reins from his hands, and lightly in his azure car flies on the water's edge; the waves sink level, and beneath the flashing axle the heaving waters are spread smooth; the clouds roll back from the boundless æther. Then various attendant shapes: giantic whales, the elder choir of *Glaucus*, *Ino's* son, *Palaemon*, the rapid *Tritons*, and all the host of *Phorcu*s. *Thetis* and *Melite*, maiden *Panopea*, *Nesaea*, *Spio*, *Thalia*, and *Cymoloe*, take places on the left. Hereupon, a tranquillizing joy returning thrills through the anxious breast of *Æneas*: he orders that every mast be quickly rigged, the sails braced upon the yards. All at once belayed the sheets, and with one movement shook out their canvass for tacking right and left, and together hauled up and down the long yard-arms; a favouring breeze impels the fleet. First, before all *Palinurus* took the lead of the thick squadron; by him the rest were ordered to steer their course.

835. And now dewy night had nearly gained the zenith point of the sphere; the sailors, laid on the hard thwarts beneath their oars, had unstrung their limbs in peaceful sleep; when *Somnus*, gliding lightly down from æther's stars, parted the dusky air, and flung aside the gloom, to visit thee, *Palinurus*, bringing to thy innocence a fatal dream. The god alighted on the high stern in shape of *Phorbas*, and uttered these words: "Palinurus, son of *Iasus*, the willing waters wait the fleet; the favouring breezes sigh; the hour is free to rest: recline your head, and steal your drooping eyes from toil. I for the while, will take your duty in your stead." To him, *Palinurus*, slowly lifting his eyes, replied: "You bid me to forget the aspect of the slumbering deep, and pillowed waves; should I trust in such appearances? Why should I trust *Æneas* to the inconstant south winds, so often betrayed by treachery of a smiling sky?" Such reply he gave, and holding firm, kept his tiller steady, and held his eyes turned

upward to the stars: lo! over both his temples the god whisked a bough dropping Lethæan dew and narcotized with Stygian power; and, while he lingered, closed his swimming eyes. Scarce had involuntary sleep unnerved his limbs' extremities, when, stooping over him, he cast him with a fragment of the stern, and with the rudder, headlong into the clear waves, vainly and often calling on his friends. The god, himself in flight, soared on his pinions to the bodiless air. Still the fleet keeps on her course in safety through the sea, and by the promises of father Neptune proceeds without alarm. And now she stood in close by the Siren's cliffs, once dangerous, and strewed with many a bleaching bone,—even then the rocks were hoarsely echoing to the restless wave,—when the father left his rocking barque drifting without a pilot, and on the midnight waves he took the helm himself: sighing deeply, and shocked in soul by his friend's fate: “Oh! too confiding in the smiles of sky and sea, unburi'd thou shalt lie, Pallantæz, on some unknown shore!”

BOOK VI.

So he spoke in tears, and crowded sail upon his fleet, and at length glides on to Cumæ's Eubæan shore. They turn their prows to sea: then the anchor, with gripping tooth, steadied the hazy keels, and the arched sterns line the shore. An eager band of youths bounds forth on the Hesperian strand; some hunt for seeds of fire hid in the flint-stone's veins; some beat the close wood-covers of the game and show discovered streams. But the gentle Æneas repairs to the heights, where Apollo rules on high, and a rugged cavern, the far retreat of the mysterious Sibyl, whose mighty intellect and heart the Delian seer inspires, and unveils the time to come. Now they enter the bowers and golden shrine of Trivia.

14. Dædalus, as tradition runs, fleeing the realm of Minos, ventured on soaring wings to trust himself to air, and, by an untired course, sailed to the icy north, and at length alighted buoyant on the Eubæan hill. Resting on this particular land, he consecrated, Phædus, to thee, his airy wings, and built a stately temple. The death of Androgæus on the gates: then Cærrigæ' zone, pitiless! required to make atonement, seven children of each sex each year: the urn is set for drawing lots.

Rising from § 1, the Grecian land relieves the other side. Here stands the savage Minotaur; here that elaborate structure, the inextricable maze; but Dædalus, in pity for the Queen's resistless passion, himself untangled the treacherous windings of the walls, and guided with a clue the erring steps. Thou, too, Icarus, wouldst have a principal share in such a work, would sorrow let it be. Twice he essayed to picture thy fall upon the gold, twice thy father's skill fell powerless. They would even have surveyed the whole sculpture in continuation, had not Achates, who had been sent on, now arrived, and with him the priestess of Phœbus and Diana, the daughter of Glaucus, Deiphobe, who thus accosts the King: "This hour calls not for such inspection; now it were meet, from the ungoaded herd, to slay seven steers, as many chosen ewes, in proper form."

33. So the priestess addressed Æneas, while the men expedite her pious orders, and called the Trojans into the lofty shrine. The spacious side of an Eubœan rock, scooped into a cavern, whither countless broad avenues conduct unnumbered mouths, whence issue so many voices, the Sibyl's oracles. They had gained the portal when the maid exclaims: "The time to question Fate! the god, see, the god!" And as she cried thus before the gate, suddenly her looks and colour changed; her hair remained not banded; but her heaving bosom and wild heart swells high with frenzy: she seemed of loftier stature, nor uttering a human voice: once she is inspired by the now nearer presence of the god. "Canst thou delay thy vows and prayers," she says, "Trojan Æneas? Canst thou delay, for the vast mouths of the prophetic house shall open not ere then?" After these words she ceased. A shivering chill shot through the Trojan's hardy limbs, and the King, from his bosom's depth, uttered his prayer:

54. "Phœbus, ever pitying the crushing woes of Troy, who guided to the body of Æcides the Dardan arrow and the hand of Paris, led by thee, I have entered many a sea encircling spacious lands, Maasylian tribes, far distant, and lands flanked by the Syrtes. Now, at length, we overtake the shores of the receding Italy. So far let Troy's fate have haunted us. You, too, may henceforth justly spare the Trojan race, gods and goddesses all, whom Ilium has offended, and Dardania's high renown. And thou, most holy prophetess, forewarned of the coming time, grant—for I ask no unpredestined realms,—the Trojans to find rest in Læium, the exiled gods, and

Troy's persecuted genii. Then to Phœbus and Diana I shall inaugurate a shrine of massive marble, and festivals in honour of Apollo. These, too, benign, a stately shrine awaits in my dominions; for here I shall deposit thy responses and mysterious oracles predicted for my people, and consecrate thy chosen ministers. Only commit not thy oracles to leaves, lest they flutter from their place, mocked by the winged winds. With thy own voice, I pray, recite them."

75. He ceased to speak, while the prophetess, not yet submissive to Phœbus, raves wildly in the cavern, if she can fling from her breast the strong possession of the god. So much more he tames her frenzied utterance, controlling her wild spirit, and shapes it by confinement. And now the countless spacious doorways of the temple opened, self-moving, and bring upon the breeze the answer of the prophetess. "At length, released from the dread perils of the deep, more heavy still await thee on the land. The Trojans shall come to the realms of Lavinian,—dismiss this trouble from thy breast,—but they shall also wish they never came: wars, bristling wars, and the Tiber I see, foaming with a flood of gore. Nor Simois, nor Xanthus, nor a Dorian camp shall there be missed. In Latium a second Achilles is already found, ha, too, born of a goddess; nor shall Juno, the Trojan's evil genius, anywhere cease to haunt them. When in distress, with humble prayer thou shalt intreat—what tribes or cities of Italians shalt thou not!—a foreign bride once more, again a foreign marriage shall bring all this misery to the Tiber. Then, bend not to misfortune, but more boldly meet it face to face, as circumstances shall permit. The earliest avenue of safety, which you least anticipate, shall open from a Grecian city."

76. In words like these the Cumæan Sibyl chants from the shrine her awful intimations, and howls within the cavern, veiling the truth in mystery; with such a bridle Apollo mitigates her frenzy, and spurs the transport of her breast. When her excitement ended, and raving utterance grew still the hero Æneas resumes: "No form of suffering, O maiden, can rise before me strange or unexpected. I have anticipated all, and in my silent thoughts have acted them all over. One request I make,—since here the portal of the subterranean King is said to be, and the lake of darkness filled from Acheron,—grant me to pass to the view and presence of my dear father, teach me the way, and unfold the hallowed entrance. Him have I saved upon these shoulders, through fire

and countless weapons that pursued us, and from encircling foes I brought him safe. He, the companion of my voyage, though helpless, endured with me, through all the seas, all terrors of the deep and heaven, beyond the natural powers of old age. Even he intreated and commanded me to come a suppliant to thee, and visit thy abode. Pity, kind maiden, I beseech thee, son and father, for thou hast all power, nor in vain has Hecate made thee mistress of the Avernian groves. If Orpheus could evoke the manes of his wife, aided by Thracian lyre and tuneful strings; if Pollux, by alternate death, redeemed his brother and goes and comes the path so often:—why mention Theseus, why the great Alcides?—my birth also comes from Jove supreme.”

122. In such a strain he was pleading, his hand upon the altar, when thus the prophetess began to speak: “Trojan son of Anchises, sprung from the lineage of heaven, easy is the descent to Avernus; day and night the portal of the dusky Dis stands wide; but to retrace your steps and reach the upper air, this the difficulty, this the task. A few, whom Jupiter in kindness favoured, or glowing heroism raised to heaven, sons of the gods, succeeded. Forests darken all the intermediate space, and Corymbus creeps around with gloomy flood. But if so strong the passion of your heart, if so deep thy longing, twice to cross the Stygian waters, twice to look upon black Tartarus, and it be a pleasure to indulge the romantic enterprise, learn what must be first performed. Hid in a shady tree there lies a bough with leaves of gold and bending stem, consecrated to subterranean Juno: this the whole grove conceals, and shadows of the twilight valleys close around, but it is not given to enter the dark places of the earth ere one shall vill the golden foliage from the stock. This the fair Proserpine has ordained to be her own peculiar offering. The first plucked off, a second growth of gold fails not, and a like metallic branch buds out. Therefore, seek it with upward glance, and, when found, cull, in due form, with your hand; for uncompelled, freely, and readily it will come, if Fate invite thee; otherwise, by no exertion shall you prevail, nor sever it with the tempered steel. Further, the body of your friend lies lifeless, alas! you know not—and taints the whole fleet with the view of death—while you demand responses and linger at our door. First take him to his rest, and lay him in a grave. Bring the black victims. Be these the first propitiation. Thus and thus only shall you see the Stygian groves

realms untrod by living feet." She said, and closed her lips in silence.

154. With downcast eyes of sorrowful expression, *Æneas* takes his way, leaving the cave, and ponders in silent thought these darkly-shadowed issues: with him the trusty *Achates* goes, and walks beside with sympathetic cares. Long they debated together in various conversation, what lifeless friend, what holy waiting burial the prophetic should mean. Then, as they came, they found *Misenus* on the high beach, slain by ignominious death—*Misenus*, son of *Eolus*,—than whom none was more excellent to animate the men with trumpet, and with his music bid the battle blaze. He had attended the great *Hector*: in *Hector's* train he fought, marked by his trumpet and his lance. When the victorious *Achilles* reft him of life, the valiant hero joined company with *Dardanian Æneas*, adopting no inferior cause. But then, as with his hollow shell he chanced to wake the echoes of the waters, the envious *Triton*—if the tale may claim belief—surprised and plunged the hero in the foamy waves. Therefore, all mourned around him with loud cries, most of all the gentle *Æneas*. Then, weeping the while, they expedite without delay the *Sibyl's* orders: building with trees the altar of the sepulchre, and emulously rearing it to heaven.

177. Their way lies to an ancient wood, the lofty shelter of wild beasts; the pines are felled; the holm-tree echoes to the axe; the ash-trunks and the long-grained oak are cleft with wedges; they roll from the hills the tall mountain-ash. *Æneas* also, foremost in such work, cheers on his comrades, and girds on arms like theirs: then, in his own sad heart, he thus reflects, gazing on the boundless forest, and speaks this prayer: "Would that branch of gold but now appear to us in such a grove! Since all true, alas! too true, the prophetic has told of thee, *Misenus*." Scarce had he spoken thus, when two doves chanced, as in the hero's view, to pass in flight from heaven, and rested on the grassy ground. Then the mighty hero recognised his mother's birds, and joyful prayed: "Be ye my guides, whatever be the way, and through the air point my course into the bowers, where the precious hough shadows the teeming earth. And thou, my goddess mother, forsake me not in my perplexity." Thus addressing them, he checked his steps, so see what tokens they may show, in what direction they may take their way. They, feeding the while, advanced so far—flight as the pursuer's eye might keep them within

view. Then, as they reached the jaws of pestilent Avernus they rose in haste, and, sailing through the transparent air, alighted both in the desired spot upon the tree, whence the contrasting sheen of gold came gleaming through the boughs. So in the woods, the mistle-toe, which the tree germinates out of its own, in winter's chill blooms with strange foliage, and clasps the rounded trunks with yellow stem. Such was the aspect of the gold budding upon the shady bough: so the metallic membrane tinkled in the soft breeze. At once Æneas catches, and in haste tears off the lingering bough and bears it to the prescient Sibyl's home.

210. Still in the interval the Trojans mourned Misenus on the shore, and gave the last honours to the insensate ashes. First, they raised a lofty pyre, with unctuous torches, and cleft oak, the sides they interlace with mourning wreaths, and plant in front the weeping cypresses, and above deck it with glittering arms. Some prepare the heated bath, and wash and perfume the chilly corpse. The wail is loud. Then they lay upon the couch the mourned limbs, and spread above the purple robe, his customary dress. Some bore up the heavy bier,—a melancholy office,—and in ancestral fashion, with averted eyes, applied the kindling torch. Presents of incense, viands, cups of streaming oil, are piled together on the fire. When the embers had fallen in, and the flame subsided, Coryneus stored the selected bones within a brazen urn. He also went thrice round the company with fresh water, whisking light sprinkles from the fruitful olive-bough, and purified the men, and spoke the last farewell. Then the gentle Æneas raised a high barrow on the tomb, and thereon the hero's proper arms, the oar and trumpet, under the wind-swept hill which is now called Misenus after him, and keeps the everlasting name through centuries.

234. This done, he executes in haste the Sibyl's orders. There was a lofty cavern, vast and wide-yawning, paved with rocks, defended by dark waters and the gloom of forests, over which no flying thing could safely steer its winged way, such vapour from its darksome jaws came streaming to the upper sphere, whence the Greeks named the place Aornos. Here first he brought four black-skinned steers, and the priestess steeped the wine upon their heads, and, clipping the topmost hairs between the horns, cast them upon the sacred fire, a preliminary offering, loudly invoking Hecate, a Queen of heaven, and Erebus. Others insert the knives, and catch

the warm blood in cups. Æneas himself slays with the knife a black-fleeced lamb to the mother of the Furies and her great sister, and a barren heifer, to thee, Proserpina. Then for the Stygian King he solemnizes the midnight rites, and lays upon the fire the undivided carcasses of oxen, pouring fat oil upon the burning joints.

253. But lo! at the dawning light of the rising sun, the ground moaned beneath their feet, the forest heights began to rock, and dogs were seen to howl amid the twilight as the goddess came. "Far, far away, ye uninitiated!" the prophetic exclaims, "and depart from all the grove: and thou, pursue thy way, and from the sheath draw forth thy sword; now is the trial of soul, Æneas, now of the steady heart!" Speaking thus far, she plunged impetuous into the open cavern. He accompanies his guide as she went with dauntless steps. Ye gods, who own the dominion of spirits, ye voiceless shades, Chaos and Phlegethon, dark regions of wide silence; may I be privileged to tell, as it was told to me? may I, with your permission, unveil the scenes deep sunk beneath the earth and darkness? They went through darkness, shrouded in lonely gloom, through Pluto's shadowy abodes and immaterial realms; like a journey through the woods by the faint light of the inconstant moon, when Jupiter has clothed the heaven in shade, and sable night blots out the colours of all objects. Before the outer portal, and the front aperture of Orcus, Sorrow and vengeful Cares have set their chambers; there pale Diseases dwell and weary Age, and Fear, and Hunger with its deadlike promptings, and ghastly Poverty, shapes frightful to the sight, and Death and Misery. Sleep, too, the brother of Death, the guilty passions of the heart, and murderous War in the front entrance, and the Furies' iron cells, and frantic Discord, wreathing her serpent locks with bloody fillets.

280. In the midst a broad and shady elm expands its boughs and aged arms, which, they say, unusual dreams ever inhabit as a home, and dwell beneath every leaf. Many various animals besides, of monstrous shape: Centaurs are stalled within the gates, Scyllæ of double forms, the hundred-bellied Briareus, and Lerna's monster frightfully hissing, and Chimæra armed with fire, Gorgons and Harpies, and the spectre of the triple ghost. Here Æneas, nervous with sudden terror, grasps his sword, and points the naked blade as they came by, and, had not his well-informed guide reminded him that shadowy spirits were flitting in empty semblance of a shape, he

had assailed them, and vainly cleft the phantoms with the steel.

298. Hence the road leading to the streams of Tarnaron Acheron. Here a troubled gulf surges with mad and deep eddies, and empties all its sand into Cocytus. An awful ferryman guards these lakes and rivers, Charon, of horrible disfigurement, on whose chin lies a mass of unkempt hoariness; his eyes glare with fire; his soiled garment hangs in a tangle from his shoulder; he urges the barque himself with a pole, and tends the sails, and transports the bodies in his rusty boat; now mature in age; but the age of the god is fresh and green. Hither came flocking to the banks the whole multitude, dames and heroes, and forms of high-souled demigods, bereft of life; boys and unwedded maids, and youths laid on the pyre before their parents' view, countless as leaves that in the forest fall at autumn's earliest chill, or birds that flock to land from the deep sea, when the cold season banishes them over sea, and lets them loose on sunny lands. They stood intreating first to make the voyage, and stretched their hands in longing for the distant bank; but the grim boatman now admits these, now those: while others far repelled he severs from the strand. Æneas, truly amazed and moved by the confusion, says: "Say, maiden, what means the thronging to the stream? What seek the phantoms? or, how distinguished, do these forsake the banks, while others sweep with oars the gloomy waters?" To him thus briefly spoke the aged priestess. "Son of Anchises, most genuine offspring of the gods, you see the deep waters of Cocytus and the Stygian lake, by whose divinity gods fear to swear and to prove false; this multitude which you behold are destitute and unburied all; that boatman, Charon; these whom he wafts upon the stream are buried. Nor is it given to cross the gloomy banks and echoing stream before their bones are sleeping in their graves. A hundred years they stray and flit around these shores: then, and then only, admitted, they view the long-desired lake.

329. Anchises' son stood still and checked his steps, in deep reflection, and heartfelt pity for their rigorous fate. He sees there, despairing, and wanting burial rites, Leucaspis, and Orontes, leader of the Lycian fleet; whom, as they sailed with him from Troy, through stormy seas, Auster o'erwhelmed, ingulphing ship and men. Lo! the pilot Palinurus came the way, who, in his recent Libyan voyage, while he watched the stars, dropped from the stern, whirled in the mid sea

waves; him when he slowly recognized, and in the blinding darkness, he thus first accosted: "Who of the gods, Palinurus, has torn thee from us, and plunged thee in the mid-sea waters? Tell; for Apollo never till now proved false, misled me by this one prediction, who promised thy safety on the deep, and thy arrival in Ausonian lands; behold here the fulfilment of his promise!" The other in reply: "Neither has the tripod of Phoebus told thee false, royal son of Anchises, nor has a god plunged me in the deep; for I brought with me, in my headlong fall, the rudder, haply torn away in the strong struggle, to which I clung, as its appointed keeper, while I steered our course. I swear by the rough seas that I felt no such apprehension for myself, as lest your galley, stripped of its furniture, bereaved of its pilot, should founder when such a sea was rising. Three nights the impetuous south wind bore me through the unmeasured deep upon the water, dimly on the fourth day I descried Italy, raised on the hillow's crest; slowly I came floating to land; now I was reaching safety, but that a savage horde fell on me with their weapons, incumbered by my dripping clothes, and grasping with bent fingers the craggy prominences of the mountain, and ignorantly took me for a prey. The waves now hold me, and the winds fling me about the shores. Wherefore, by heaven's genial light and air, by thy father, I pray, by the hopes of young Iulus, save me, invincible, from this misery; either cast the earth upon me—for you can—and seek the port of Velia; or, by whatever means, whatever thy goddess mother points thee to,—for not, I deem, without heaven's sanction you mean to cross so dread a river, and this Stygian water,—give me thy hand in my affliction, and take me with thee on the waves; so that in death at least I rest in calm repose."

370. Thus had he spoken, when thus the prophetess replied: "Whence, Palinurus, this so inordinate desire? Shalt thou, submerg'd, see the Stygian water, the dread river of the Furies; or yet unqualified reach the bank? Forbear to hope that heaven's fates may be reversed by prayer. But hear, and remember my words, a solace for your rigorous fate; far and wide, throughout the cities, punished by signs from heaven, the neighbouring tribes shall consecrate thy bones, and build a tomb, and offer annual worship on thy grave; and the place shall own through time the name of Palinurus." By this promise his sorrow was consoled, and pain, for the moment, driven from his depending heart: he rejoices in the land that bears

his name. So they proceed on their unfinished journey, and draw near the river. And when the boatman, from the far Stygian water, saw them advancing through the hushed grove and stepping toward the bank, he thus first addressed, and, unquestioned, hailed them: "Whoever you be who come in arms to our river, tell why you come, and check your footsteps where you stand. This is the region of shadows, of sleep, and drowsy night. To waft a living body in Stygian barque is profanation; nor am I pleased that I admitted on the lake Alcides when he came, or Theseus, or Pirithous, sons of the gods though they were, and invincible in might. The one by force sought to enchain the guard of Tartarus, and dragged his trembling even from our monarch's throne; the others attempted the abduction of Pluto's Queen from out her chamber."

394. To which the Amphrysian prophetess thus briefly answered: "No such treason here; forbear to be alarmed: the arms imply no outrage; the giant warder in his cave may scare with ceaseless howl the bloodless spectres. The chaste Proserpina may keep her uncle's palace. Trojan Æneas, famed in arms and virtues, descends to his father, to the deep shades of Erebus. If no contemplation of such deep devotion moves thee, at least this branch"—she shows the branch concealed beneath her robe—"you must acknowledge." Then his swelling heart subsides from its excitement; he spoke no farther. Gazing upon the venerable gift of the predestined bough, seen after the long interval, he brings to the azure barque, and nears the bank; then he unseats the other shades that sat on the long thwarts, and clears the hatches; and then admits the great Æneas to the hold. The sewed barque creaked under its freight, and, yawning in chinks, took in a mass of water. At length he landed safe across the river the prophetess and hero on the unsightly mud and sea-green sedge. Huge Cerberus with triple bark wakes the echoes of these regions, lying gigantic in the cavern's mouth. To him the prophetess, seeing his crest bristling with snakes, throws a cake narcotized with honey and medicinal drugs; he, stretching his triple throat with raving greediness, seizes the offered cake and, laid on the ground unbends his giant limbs, and stretches his huge length along the cave. Æneas secures the entrance while its guard lay sleeping, and promptly leaves the bank of the irrepassable stream.

494. As come cries are heard and loud wailing, and shouts

of infants screaming in the outer entrance; whom, bereft of their loved lives, and torn from the bosom, an hour of darkness bore away, and plunged in an untimely death. Near these stood those condemned to death on false impeachment. Nor were these stations assigned but by selection, and a judge. Minos, the inquisitor, moves his urn; he summons the jury of the voiceless, and examines lives and accusations. The next places those melancholy spirits hold, who died without a crime by their own hands, and, weary of the light, spurned away their lives. How they would wish, now in the upper air, to hear with poverty and inclement hardships! Fate opposes; the detested lake with its sad waters is their prison; and Styx, nine times interposing, holds them in. Not far hence are shown, spreading in all directions, the plains of mourning; by this name they call them. Here, those whom passionate love slow-wasted with its deadly bane, secluded dells conceal, and a myrtle grove embowers; their sorrows leave them not even in death. Here he saw Phædra and Procris, and mourning Eriphyle, showing the wounds of her unnatural son, Evadne, and Pasiphaë; in their company Laodamia walks, and Cænetus, a boy once, and then a woman, and once more by Fate returned to his original shape. (Among these, Phœnician Dido, bleeding from her wound, was straying through the wide forest; and the Trojan hero, soon as he stood near her, and recognised her dimly in the shade—as when one sees, or fancies that he sees, the moon in the early month emerging from the clouds—shed tears, and addressed her in tender love: “Unhappy Dido, did then the news come true to me, that thou wert dead, and sought a desperate remedy from the sword? Alas! and have I been the motive of thy death? By the stars I swear, by gods above, by all the truth that lives beneath the earth, unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy shores; out the commands of heaven, that urge me now to travel through this gloom, through regions mouldering in desolation and deep darkness, drove me by their authority; never could I believe that by my absence I could bring thee this weighty sorrow. Stay thy steps, and withdraw not from my view! Whom wouldst thou shun? Now is the latest time that Fate allows me to address thee.”

165. By words like these Æneas strove to soothe her kindling wrath and angry scowl, and softened into tears. She bent her averted eyes firmly on the ground, and yields no look to his attempted speech. “a hard blast, or

Maternal tears were standing there. At last con-
fiding her-
self away, and fled unreconciled into the shady grove, where
her first consort, Sychæus, sympathizes in her woes, and re-
turns her love. Not less shocked by her rigorous fate, Æneas
follows her far in tears, and feels her sorrows as she goes.
Then he proceeds on his permitted enterprise, and now they
were gaining the remotest plains, which in their deep soli-
tude the famous in war frequent. Here Tydeus meets him,
here Parthenopæus glorious in arms, and the pale spectre of
Adrastus. Here the sons of Dardanus long mourned in the
upper world, and fallen in fight; and when he saw them all
in long array he heaved a sigh; Glaucus and Medon, and
Thersilochus, Antenor's three sons, and Polyphotes, Ceres'
priest, and Idæus still with his chariot, still in arms. The ghosts
throng round him on the right and left; nor is a single view
sufficient: they love to linger to the last; and walk beside,
and learn the causes why he came. But the Greek chieftains,
Agamemnon's ranks, when they saw the hero and his arms
gleaming through the gloom, trembled in sore alarm; some
turned their backs, as once they turned to their ships; some
raised a feeble cry; the abortive scream dies in their gaping
mouths.

492 And here he saw Priam's son, Deiphobus, mangled in
all his limbs, cruelly mutilated in his face; his face, and both
his hands, and his temples bared of amputated ears: his nose
disfigured by an ignominious wound. Scarcely did he fully re-
cognise him trembling and hiding his horrible disfigurement,
and first addressed him in familiar words: "Deiphobus,
mighty in arms, born of Teucer's noble blood, who could have
chosen to inflict such bitter vengeance? Who had such power
over thee? On that last night a ramour told me that, wearied
by wide-wasting slaughter, you sank upon a heap of mingled
sarnage. Then I reared a cenotaph on the Rhœtean shore,
and three times, with loud voice, invoked your manes. Thy
name and arms occupy the place; thyself, my friend, I failed
to see; or, when departing, lay thee in thy native earth." To
this the son of Priam thus replied: "Nothing, my friend, has
been forgotten by thee. Thou hast paid all to Deiphobus and
his dead shade; but my own fates and the deadly treachery
of the Laconian have plunged me in this misery; these me-
mentos she has left me; for how we spent that last night in
delusive joys, you know and must too well remember. When
the horse, pregnant with fate, came overtopping the high

Phrygians, and brought armed soldiers in its ladies' weeds, she, under pretext of the dance, led on the Phrygian dances in glamorous revelry. In the centre she held, herself, a high-blazing torch, and summoned the Greeks from the Acropolis. In that hour, wearied by thought, and overweighed by sleep, my fatal chamber held me; a heavy-heavy slumber, and resembling most the calm of death, came over me as I lay. Meanwhile my peerless consort had removed all arms from the house, and withdrawn from my head my trusty sword. She called Menelaus into the house, and flung wide the gates, deeming, of course, that it would be a great favour to her lover, and as the obloquy of her past transgressions may be effaced—why dwell on it? they force an entrance to the chamber. The son of *Æolus*, fertile in treachery, joins their company. Ye gods, repay the Greeks for this, if righteously I fall for vengeance! But what chance, tell me in turn, has brought thee still alive? Art come, driven from the mazes of the deep, or by heaven's warning? or what fortune urges thee to visit these sad and light-lorn homes, the regions of unrest?"

542. During this interchange of conversation, Aurora, on her roseate team, had crossed the zenith point in her ethereal flight; and they would have spent, perhaps, all their allotted time in such discourse; but his companion, the Sibyl, warned him, and briefly spoke: "The night draws on, *Æneas*, we waste the hours in tears, here is the point where the road parts in two. The right, which stretches to the walls of mighty *Pluto*, by this our way lies to *Elysium*; while the left is the incessant scene of guilty punishment, and leads to ruthless *Tartarus*." *Deiphobus* in answer, "Be not offended, mighty priestess; I shall withdraw; I shall fill up the number, and give me back to darkness. Go, pride of our nation, go! and meet a kinder fate." So much he answered, and turned his footsteps as he spoke.]

545. Suddenly *Æneas* turns his eyes, and, under the left rock, sees a spacious building, flanked by a threefold wall, which the impetuous stream, *Tartarean Phlegethon*, circles with fiery flood, and rolls on sounding rocks. The front gate wide, the columns of massive adamant, so that no strength of man, nor even gods, can raze them with the steel. An iron tower shoots up in air, and *Tisiphone* enthroned, crowned in a blood-red mantle, holds sleepless watch upon the portal night and day. Hence groans are heard, and the harsh-sounding

scourge; then grating iron and clanking chains. Æneas paused, and listened in terror to the din. "What forms of crime? speak, maiden, or by what vengeance are they pursued? What means the loud uproar on the air?" Then the prophetess began to speak:

560. "Renowned prince of Troy, none innocent may step upon the guilt-stained threshold; but, when Hecate made me free of the Avernian groves, she taught me, herself, the vengeance of the gods, and guided me through all. Gaonian Rhadamanthus rules these most dismal realms, hears and punishes dissembled crimes, and tortures to confession what stonements, incurred in the upper world, any confiding in a vain deception had left for death's late hour. Ever the vengeful Tisiphone, armed with a scourge, in mockery tortures the guilty, and, grasping in her left hand the knotted snakes, calls her dread band of sisters. Then only are the mystic doors thrown wide upon rough-grating hinges. Seest thou what guardian is seated at the entrance? What shape keeps ward upon the doors? A hydra, with fifty black grinning mouths, still more fierce, is stationed on the inside; then the main Tartarus yawns downward twice as far, and stretches into darkness, as the sphere's height towards ethereal heaven. Here the old family of Terra, the Titan brood, down cast by lightning, grovel in the low abyss. Here have I seen the twin Aloidae, gigantic forms, who, with their hands, assayed to pull down heaven, and thrust out Jove from his supernal throne. Salmonæus, too, I saw suffering a cruel punishment. While counterfeiting Jove's fire and the roar of heaven, borne by four steeds, and fanning a torch, he went exulting through nations of Greeks, and the midst of the city of Ælia, and claimed for himself the worship of the gods;—fool! who aped, with brazen tread of horn-footed steeds, the storms and the inimitable thunder. But the Almighty Father, amid the thick-rolled clouds, hurled his weapon. Not brands he cast, nor smoky blaze of torches! and flung him headlong in a strong whirlwind. Tityus also, son of the all-fertile Earth, was there to see, whose body lies upon nine full acres, and the huge vulture, with curled beak, feeding on his undying liver and vitals fruitful in torture, rends him for food, and dwells deep within his bosom; nor is respite ever given to the growing tissues."

599. Why tell of the Lapithæ, Ixion, and Phirrhæus, whom a black rock overhangs, each moment sure to fall, and like an

it were falling? The golden feet of the high banquet-seat, are glittering, and the feast laid with peasal pomp within their view: the eldest Fury is reclining near, and forbids to touch the vials with their hands: she rises, holding high the brand, and thunders with her voice. Here, they by whom brothers were disowned, while life endured, a parent outraged, or fraud devised against a client, who gloried selfishly on hoarded wealth, and gave their own no share, which are the largest class: they who were slain for their intrigues, who expounded unnatural quarrels, and feared not to deceive a master's confidence, imprisoned, wait for punishment. Ask not to learn what punishment, or what shape of doom has ever befallen the men. Some roll the ponderous rock, or hang light-bound upon the spokes of wheels. Theseus is sitting and shall sit through all eternity in misery, and Protagoras, supremely wretched, warns all, and with deep voice through the gloom conjures them: "Learn justice from the warning, and never to defy the gods. One bartered for gold his native land, and set up a haughty despot, made and unmade laws for gain. Another outraged his daughter and her sacred love. All dared some dreadful crime, and succeeded in the attempt. Never, though I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, an iron voice, could I enumerate all the diversities of crime, or cover up all the forms of retribution."

626. When the long-living priestess of Phœbe spoke these words: "But now," she said, "pursue thy way, and finish the undertaken task: let us on in haste! I see the walls wrought in the Cyclops' furnaces, and the front archway of the gates, where our instructions bid us lay our offering." She spoke, and stepping together on the darksome path, they cross the intervening space, and approach the gate. Æneas secures an entrance, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and sets the bough upon the outer threshold. This ceremony now performed, the offering to the goddess made, they reached the regions of joy, the blissful bowers of the happy groves, the mansions of the blessed. Here a more open atmosphere mantles the plains, and with a brilliant light: their own sun, stars of their own, they know. Some are exercising upon the sodded wrestling-ground, struggling in play, and wrestling on the yellow sand. Some with their feet time the dance and chant the song. The Thracian priest, too, in his flowing robe, repeats in tune the seven varying notes, and strikes them now with his finger, now with ivory key. How are Tenor's ancient line, a

race of rarest beauty, high-souled heroes, born in happier times : Ilius, Asaracus, and Troy's founder, Dardanius. Far off he gazes on the heroes' arms and shadowy cars. Their lances stand planted in the ground, and the unharnessed steeds are feeding free along the plains. What charm they found when living in steeds and chariots, what care in feeding the sleek horses ; the same attends them resting in the earth. Lo ! he sees others feasting, right and left upon the grass, and chanting in harmony the festive psalm amid the perfumed bay grove, whence the full stream of the Eridanus flows upward through the wood.

658. Here were the company who braved death while fighting for their country, and who were holy priests while life endured, who were venerable prophets, and spoke what seemed of Phœbus, or who improved society by learning's lights, and by their merit made others think of them. All these wore snowy fillets on their brows, and, as they crowded round, the Sibyl thus addressed them, above all Muses, for a numerous throng enclosed him in the centre, and looked up to him, out-measuring them in towering stature : " Say, spirits of the blest, and thou, sublime of poets, what region, what spot contains Anchises ? For his sake we have come, and crossed the broad waters of Erebus." To her the hero briefly thus made answer : " None has a fixed abode ; we dwell in shaded bowers, and inhabit the grassy banks and meads made green by runnels ; but if your hearts' desire so prompt you, surmount this hill, and I shall leave you on the sloping path." He said, and stepped before them, and from the height points to the smiling plains ; then they leave the mountain's top.

677. But father Anchises was surveying, with earnest contemplation, the spirits enclosed in the deep green valley, destined to rise to the upper light ; and, as it chanced, was counting up the full number of his own, his loved posterity, the fates, and the successes of the heroes, their virtues and their deeds. And when he saw Æneas coming to meet him through the mead, he raised in transport both his hands, tears streamed upon his cheeks, and from his lips there fell these words : " Thou art come at last, and thy affection, proved for a parent, has overcome the terrors of the way ! It is given to see thy face, my son, and hear and answer in familiar accents ! So, indeed, I was judging, and thought it like to happen, counting the time : nor has my thought misled me. Borne through what lands and seas do I receive thee ! My son, haunted by what images

cent perils? How : dreamst thou Libya's realm should work thee any harm?" He, in turn : " It was thy, rather, thy troubled shade, returning often, urged me to visit these abodes. My fleet is riding on the Tyrrhene sea. Give me to clasp thy hand, give me, my father, and shrink not from my embrace." While thus he spoke he shed a flood of tears. Three times he there essayed to clasp his arms upon his neck, three times the phantom, vainly grasped, escaped his hands, like the light breeze, and resembling most a floating dream.

701. Meanwhile Æneas sees in a retired valley a sheltering grove, a wood of whispering trees, and Lethe's stream that bounds these peaceful mansions. Round this were sitting countless tribes and nations; so on the meadows, when breeze in summer's calm alight on many-coloured flowers, and cluster round white lilies, all the plain is vocal with their hum. Æneas starts at the sudden view, and, ignorant, inquires the cause; what were those distant streams, or what people in such multitudes were crowding on the banks. Then father Anchises : " Souls, to whom other bodies are doomed by fate, along the stream of Lethe's river drink care-dispelling draughts of long forgetfulness. These I have long desired to recount to thee, and show thee face to face, and reckon up the line of thy descendants, that thy joy, like mine, may be the more for finding Italy."

" And can it be supposed, my father, that any spirits can pass hence upward to the air, and go back once more to earthly bodies? What so inordinate longing for life haunts the wretched ones?"

" I shall tell, nor keep thee in uncertainty, my son," resumes Anchises, and explains the several particulars. " From the beginning, a Spirit unseen animates the heaven, the earth, the expanse of waters, the moon's bright disc, the star of the Titan, and an intelligence, pervading every member, quickens the whole mass, and runs through the wide frame. Hence the birth of man and beast, and the lives of winged creatures, and monsters which the sea generates under its shining surface. These principles contain a fiery impulse, and a divine nativity, so far as impossible bodies clog them not, and frames of earth, and mortal members dull not their brilliancy. From this alliance come fears and desires, sorrow and joy; nor can they look on spot the light, shut in the darkness of a gloomy prison. And even when life with its expiring flame has left them, still all the talent, all the imperities of matter do not entirely pass away.

and an eternal necessity demands that misery & pain ever intermixed should still mysteriously infect them. So they are disciplined by punishment, and render retribution for their old offences. Some are hung up all open to the bodiless winds; from others the ingrained impurity is washed out under deep waters, or extracted in the fire: we suffer our several pains. Then we pass to wide Elysium, and a few occupy these smiling plains; until long time, when the revolving period is complete, has expelled the inherent blemish and left unstained the divine intelligence and the spirit's fire unmingled; all these, when they have spent a thousand rolling years, the Deity calls up in long array to Lethe's stream; of course, that without memory they may revisit the arch above, and feel a rising wish to re-unite with matter."

750. Anchises said, and led his son, and with him the Sibyl, into the middle of the throng and buzzing multitude, and chose an eminence whence he might review them before him in long array, and know their faces as they came: "Come now, what glory in after time awaits the line of Dardanius, what sons are coming of Italian birth, souls of bright renown, and fated to receive our name. I shall explain, and tell thee of thy destinies. See there, that youth who leans upon the gleaming lance, holds by selection the nearest place to life, and shall rise soonest to the light of heaven crossed with Italian blood. Silvius, an Alban, thy latest offspring, whom late born in thy latter years, thy Queen, Lavinia, shall bring forth in the woods, a King, the father of Kings, succeeding whom, our family shall rule in *Ælia Longa*. That nearest him is *Procas* the pride of Troy's race, then *Capys*, and *Numitor*, and *Silvius Æneas*, who shall revive thy name, matchless alike in war and virtue, if he shall ever hold the Alban sceptre. These youths, behold what strength they show! But those who wear the civic oak-leaves on their wreathed temples,—we shall found for thee *Nomentum*, *Gabii*, and the city *Fidena*, some shall rear upon the hills *Collatia's* towers, *Pometii*, the fort of *Inuus*, *Bols*, and *Cora*. These shall be then their names, now they are nameless lands.

775. "Romulus, too, the son of Mars, whom his mother *Ilia*, a daughter of *Asaracus*, shall bring forth, shall join company with his grandfather. Seest thou how the twin plumes rise from his head, and the great Father marks him now with the peculiar majesty of godhead? Look, my son, under his auspices that glorious Rome shall measure her empire by the

earth, nor heroism by heaven, and for herself alone shall span seven hills with her walls, the fruitful mother of heroes: as the Berecynthian mother rides with her diadem of towers through Phrygia's cities, blessed with a family of gods, embracing a countless offspring, all deities of heaven, all tenants of the high upper spheres. Hither now bend both your eyes, behold this people, your own Romans. Here is Cæsar, and all the lineage of Iulus, destined to rise to the wide sphere of heaven. This is the man, this is he whom you often hear promised to you, Augustus Cæsar, son of the god, who shall once more establish the golden age in Latium, over the lands once swayed by Saturn, and shall extend his empire to the Meers and Indians; their country lies beyond the æolææ, beyond the sun's annual path, where the sphere-laden Atlas rolls on his shoulder the heaven, spangled with blazing stars. At his approach, even now the Caspian realms shudder at heaven's oracles, and the Maeotic land, and the affrighted channels of the sevenfold Nile are troubled. Nor did Alcides overcome so much of earth, though he pierced the brazen-fronted hind, or tranquillized the groves of Erymanthus, and with his bow made Lerna tremble; nor Bacchus, who triumphant guides his team with wreathed reins, driving his tigers from Nyx's towering head. And should we hesitate to send our fame still onward by our deeds? or should fear bar our settling on Ausonia's land? But who is that far off, crowned with olive boughs, and bringing sacrifice? I know the locks and hoary beard of the Roman King, who first by civil policy shall found the city, promoted to high sovereignty from humble Cures and his poor estate; to him next shall succeed Tullus, who shall break his country's slumber, and awake the men to arms from their repose, and his arms now weaned from victory; to him succeeds the too ambitious Ancus, even now too much elated by the popular breath.

815. "Wouldst thou behold also the royal Tarquins, the high soul of the avenging Brutus, and the sceptre forfeited. He shall be the first to assume the consul's office, and the unsparing axe, and, in defence of glorious liberty, the father shall summon to death his sons waging a revolutionary war. Unhappy man! However posterity may interpret his act, the love of country, and boundless passion of glory, shall rise appermost. Look also on the Decii and Lucreti in the distance, and Torquatus, with his ruthless axe, and Camillus returning with the standards. But those spirits whom you behold

beating in uniform arms, still friendly, and so long as they are veiled in darkness— Alas! what mutual war and bloodshed shall they awaken should they cross life's portals; the father-in-law descending from Alpine heights and towers of Monœcus; the son-in-law attended by the opposing Orientals? Do not,—my sons, train not your hearts to such hostilities, nor turn your country's mighty powers against herself. And thou first, show mercy thou, who hast thy birth from heaven. Cast away the sword, my son. That one in triumph over Corinth, shall drive his chariot to the high Capitol, marked for the death of Greeks;] this shall uproot Argi, and Agamemnon's Mycenæ, and even Eacides, son of the armipotent Achilles, avenging his Trojan forefathers, and Minerva's outraged shrine. Who could leave thee unrecorded, great Cato, or thee Cossus? Who the sons of Gracchus, or the two Scipios, two lightning-bolts of war, the doom of Libya? Fabricius happy in his poverty? or thee, Serranus, planting in the furrow? Whither, Fabii, do ye bring me wearied? Thou art that Maximus who shalt alone retrieve our cause by thy procrastination.

845. "Others shall, more softly, mould the breathing bronze, I do indeed believe; shall sculpture from the marble features of life; shall plead more eloquently; and with the quadrant describe the circles of the sphere, and calculate the rising stars. Do thou, Roman, be sure to sway the nations by thy power; be these thy arts, to dictate terms of peace, to spare the humbled, and subdue defiance." So Father Anchises spoke; and while they looked in wonder, still continued: "See how Marcellus comes on, graced with *spolia opima*, and, victorious, outmeasures all the heroes. He shall retrieve the Roman cause troubled by sore alarm, with his chivalry shall scatter the Pœni and seditious Gaul, and consecrate a third trophy to Father Quirinus." And here Æneas—for he saw walking beside him a youth of matchless form and gleaming arms, but his brow was sorrowful and eyes downcast:—"Who is he, father, who so attends the hero as he goes? A son? or one of his long line of grandsons? What bustling retinue around him! what majesty in his mien! but dusky night, with saddening gleam, floats round him."

865. Then Father Anchises began, with starting tears. "Inquire not, O my son, thy people's chief calamity! Fate shall just show him to the earth, nor suffer him to remain. Rome's children, ye gods, seemed to you too powerful, were

such a blessing permanent! What lamentation of the people shall that plain by Mars' great city utter! or, what funeral pomp, O Tiber, shalt thou witness, when gliding past his recent tomb! Neither shall any son of Iliac birth exalt so high in hope his Latin ancestors, nor ever shall the Roman seal look so proudly upon any son. Alas, for kindred-love; alas, for the honour of elder days, and valour invincible in war! None could with impunity have met him in the night, or when he marched on foot against the foe, or goaded with the sword his flaming charger's flanks. Ah! piteous youth: couldst thou but break thy rigorous fate, thou shalt be a Marcellus. Give me lilies in handfulls; let me strew the brilliant flowers, and with such gifts at least make glad the shade of my descendant, and perform an unavailing ceremony." So they wander through the whole region, over the spacious plains of air, and survey all. When Anchises had led his son through all these scenes, and kindled his ambition with a longing for the fates to come, he then tells the hero of the wars to come thereafter, and informs him of the Laurentian tribes, and city of Latins, and how he should evade or bear with every hardship.

791. There are two gates of sleep, of which one is named of horn, where ready flight is given to true visions; the other wrought of white and polished ivory, but by it the Mares send to the world delusive dreams;—there then Anchises, after such discourse, attends his son and the Sibyl, and sends them forth the ivory gate. He takes his way to the ships, and returns to his companions; then along the shore he repairs to the haven of Caieta. The anchor swings from the bow: the ship is moored upon the shore.

NOTES.

NOTE I. 1.—*The ego*. This, if these first four lines be genuine, is one of the very few allusions to himself in which Virgil has indulged. Another more explicit and authentic personal reference occurs at the close of the fourth Georgic; and some less direct throughout the *Bucolics*. Of the classical writers of antiquity we possess in general but a limited amount of biographical information. They appear to have seldom troubled themselves to make provision for that morbid curiosity which survivors and posterity feel respecting these gifted and unhappy beings whom mankind, in all ages pretending to refinement, have delighted to proscribe and persecute while alive, and to worship when dead, with the vain mockeries of posthumous veneration. The result has been, that the authorship of many celebrated works of genius has been either a matter for scepticism and contradiction, or curtailed by a veil of mystery which no zeal of curiosity has ever drawn aside; such as the Homeric and Celtic epics, the lays of the Ymms collected by Garcilasso, the *Nickelungen Lied*, several Spanish poems in honour of Rodrigo the Cid, and in later times, *Gil Blas* and the letters of Junius; not to mention a vast number of minor poetical gems in many languages, that, sparkling out here and there, have wandered down to posterity like so many *exilis nymphae*, isolated and unacknowledged. Those among the classics who have perpetuated most of their autobiography are Cicero, who has carefully and minutely recorded his every thought, word, and deed, Horace, the Plinys, and Tacitus. Virgil, indeed, appears to have been generally averse, either through pride or nervousness—which are sometimes identified—to the intrusions of publicity; he would turn aside to avoid being lionized, and is believed to have been particularly timid and awkward in the society of women. But the more he shunned notoriety, the more it followed him. His first introduction to the public was effected by the generosity of one of that sex which he dreaded so intensely. Cythera, an actress of much celebrity, professional and otherwise, recited the sixth Eclogue on the stage; and in the evening Virgil found himself famous. The adventure was precisely similar to that of a later time, by which the *Marseillaise* and its composer were raised into sudden and unlooked-for popularity. Virgil's fame grew as centuries flowed by; and, in the middle ages, when his works were scarcely remembered, his name was associated with legends as marvellous and romantic as those of the "rose cross," or those which eastern fancy has woven round the memories of Solomon, Ben David, Alexander the Great (Iskander), and Haroun al Rashid.

⁴ 'Twas ever thus; and now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom."

There are no coins of Virgil extant, such as other celebrated Romans of his time have bequeathed; the only authenticated portraits in existence are the miniatures in the Vatican and Viennese MSS.

8.—*Quæ resque loca*. The persons here evidently agreed with *senex*. At the same time that no doubt is implied of the identity of the deity. The meaning, though not the literal version, of the phrase is, 'Why was *deus* offended?' It is an idiomatic form of expression, in which we inquire after the fact, when we mean only to ask the reason. So in English we say, 'What are you doing?' 'Where did you go to?' when we really mean, 'Why are you doing so?' 'Why did you go there?'

34.—*Sævis telluris*. Sævis, originally denoted by terrors, has been successively subject—wholly or in part, or in connection with Naples—to the Romans, the Goths, the Lombards, Charlemagne, the Saracens, Tancred the Norman, the French, the Spaniards, and the house of Austria.

301.—*Remigio alarum*. Compare—

"Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet."—MILTON, P. L.

315.—*Virgineæ speminae*. The Spartan maidens—*ἀσπυγισταί*—not distinguished from matrons—were only the *Δαριε χῆται*, which was open at the sides, pinned at intervals by points, so that the skirts (*πτέρυγες*) may be pinned up occasionally. This was the conventional costume of Hæbe, and cup-bearers in general, and may be illustrated, e. g., by the statue of Hæbe and the celebrated Cleopatra of Alexandria.

402.—*Rosæ cervicæ*. The epithet 'rosy' is oriental, and does not always imply colour, but rather the luminous atmosphere—the *aura* or halo—supposed to distinguish superhuman beings, and marks of remarkable beauty. Lord Byron alludes to it in the line—

"The mind, the music breathing from her face."

The darker colour of eastern beauties gives this expression more obviously than our paler complexions, and even in our own brunettes this *aura* may be sometimes recognized. The rose, the favourite flower of all poetry, from Homer and Pindar to Thomas Moore and Beranger, has this halo; so has gold, Parian marble, a well-painted portrait as contrasted with a daguerreotype,—"*We start, for life is wanting there*,"—so also the Shikimoth of the Jews, and countless other instances. When the rose was first introduced into these countries, it was a consecrated flower, and the emblem of the confessional; hence the phrase *rosæ confessoris*. It is so highly esteemed among the Asiatics, that it has been sometimes set apart for the exclusive enjoyment of eastern monarchs.

428.—*Cosæ*. The columns erected by the Phœnicians were not generally, like those of Grecian architecture, intended for the support of the façade. They stood isolated at the angles of the *pronaos*, like those of Solomon's temple.

514.—*Latent monachæ*. Compare—

"At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds."—MILTON, P. L.

542.—*Ægeæ urbes*. The few existing ruins of Carthage are large and fine, and none remains of a great structure. It was founded at

enlarged by Them., about 490, B. C., and lasted about 700 years. Under the Romans it became a flourishing colony, and the district contained several considerable towns, of which the principal was *Julia Caesarea*. The inhabitants were converted to Christianity in the first century. In the fifth century it was overrun by the Vandals, and at last became subject to the Khabb of Bagdad, when Christianity was finally extinguished.

599.—*Idyllium carmen.* &c. Compare the following from Keats' *Endymion* :

And as she spoke, into her face there came
Light, as reflected from a silver flame.
Her long black hair swelled ampler, in display
Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
Dawned blue and full of love."—

600.—*Cyprus.* Cyprus lies about thirty miles off the coast of Syria. The Venetians became masters of it in 1489, and were expelled by the Turks in 1570, who have held it since. Richard I. of England took it in the second Crusade, and placed Guy Lusignan on the throne. Its present towns are Nicosia the modern, and Famagusta the ancient, capitals. The celebrated Paphos has almost entirely disappeared; its only vestige are some ruins of the great temple of Astarte, the Phœnician Venus.

723.—Compare the following parallels—

"And starry lamps that, from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, yielded light
As from a sky."—MILTON.

"Raise the song, and strike the harp, send round the snells of joy,
Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maidens, begin the dance,
Let some gray bard be near, to tell the deeds of other times. Thus let
the night pass, until morning shall appear in our halls. Thus let the
bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the
hill with day, and awake the deer."—*Celtic Poem.*

BOOK II. 1.—*Conticuers.* Compare—

"He asked, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven."—MILTON, P. I.

41.—*Laconon.* There appears no foundation for the doubt, which has been frequently expressed, whether Virgil's description of this scene was suggested by the statue, or the artist borrowed his inspiration from the poet. Pliny writes (xxxvi. 4. 11), "The Laconon, which stands in the palace of Titus, is a piece of sculpture of such boldness as neither painting nor casting can attain. The principal figure, the boys, and the wondrous coils of the snakes, were wrought from a single block by three accomplished artists, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus." It was found in 1506 near the baths of Titus, broken into six pieces and mutilated. The right arm was restored after a model by Giovanni Agnoli, and some portions of the boys are also new. The group belongs to the Rhodian School of Art, and may be referred to the period from 300 to 40 B. C., during which the prosperity of Rhodes was at its zenith. To

The same interval may also be attributed the celebrated Colossus, and the groups of Zethus and Amphyon, Dives and the Bull, also cut from a single stone; and it is probable that these two groups, with other artistic treasures, were brought from Rhodes after the Macedonian war.

In a letter on this subject written by Francesco da S. Gallo (1547), he says: "On the discovery of some statues near S. Maria Maggiore, the Pope said to a servant of the stables, 'Tell Giuliano da S. Gallo to go and see them,' and my father went at once to M. Buonarroti, who was always at home, being then at work on the Mausoleum, and they set out together on horseback. When they arrived there and went down, they exclaimed, 'This is the Laocœon which Pliny tells of,' and the cunning was enlarged, that the marble may be taken out." On the tomb of the fortunate discoverer the following inscription appears: "*Fides de Frenis, qui se propriis virtutibus et repositum Laocœontis detinuit, quod in Vaticano simul, sine respirare manducrum, innotuit, a. d. 1528.*"

It has been objected to the Laocœon, that the figures of the boys are unnatural, the proportions and sharpness of muscular development being such as belong only to the adult form; while it is notorious that what is symmetry in childhood would be deformity in maturity, and vice versa. The Romans were for a long time—until the capture of Corinth—indifferent to works of Art. The first bronze statue of a deity erected in the city is said by Pliny to have been that of Ceres, which was cast from the confiscated property of Sp. Cassius.

49.—*Et dona ferentes*. Here *dona* signifies an,atically offerings to the gods. It was a generally understood *fas* custom, that persons from hostile nations, coming to contract an alliance, offer sacrifice, or perform any religious ceremony, should neither offer nor suffer any outrage. We read in Livy, that when the Capitol was besieged by the Gauls, a young Roman came outside the lines to offer sacrifice, and returned unharmed.

75.—*Quæ sit fiducia capto*. The correct sense of these words is, "What he had to urge in his favour, who is depend on;" the Latin will bear no other interpretation.

175.—*Excelsis*:

"The statue waking with immortal powers,

Springing from its parent earth and shakes the spheres."—ROBERTSON.

176.—*Famas ulcanis*. Compare with this description of an ægypcion the following: "The hero beheld in the east a dark-red stream of fire rushing from the hill; Crugul sat upon the beach, a cloud who fell in fight. His face is like the beam of the setting sun; his robes are of the clouds of the hill; his eyes are two decaying flames; dark is the wound of his breast. 'Crugul,' said one mighty Gensai, 'son of Hothgal, fared on the hill of birds; why so pale and wet, thou breaker of the shields? Thou hast never been pale for fear!' Dim and in tears he wept, and gazed his pale hand over the burn. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lago."—OSMAN.

BOOK III. 393.—*Neptunus reddita, &c.* It is not explained by commentators how Helenus succeeded to a portion of the dominions of Pyrrhus. It appears to have been by virtue of a very ancient law of

usage prevailing in the east, and subsequently adopted by the Romans, under which a freedman, in default of legitimate heirs, became entitled to the succession. We can infer that some such law had passed among the Jews. Abraham, in his prayer for children, expresses an apprehension that his steward Eliezer may become his heir. See GEN. xv. 2, 3, 4.

445.—*In foliis descriptis.* It has been somewhat suggested in explanation of the writing on leaves, that leaves were at one time the symbols of letters, the initial elements of their several names indicating the corresponding alphabetic characters; and we find accordingly that some letters of the alphabet in the Gaelic and other languages retain the names of various kinds of trees. It was a system resembling to some extent what we now call "*the language of flowers*," which is so fully developed among the Asiatics that any ordinary message can be conveyed by these emblems as intelligibly as by writing among us.

BOOK IV. 4.—*At Regium.* This history of the seduction and suicide of Dido, though elaborately worked up, and one of the most finished parts of the *Æneid* nevertheless lays very harshly upon some of our modern ideas of poetical propriety; and though presenting most ready materials for a "gentle tale of love and languishment," falls far short of what Virgil, with his powerful command of the pathetic, might be expected to have made of it. It is impossible to read it without a mingled feeling of indignation and contempt for *Æneas*, who is made to appear everywhere, but here particularly, cold, cruel, and calculating. In general, in the Homeric epics and the *Æneid* we find none of that tenderness and respect, none of that honourable sympathy and high-toned sentiment toward the weaker sex, which shines out so gracefully in the heroic poems of our Celtic ancestors, and the records of the chivalry of the middle ages, which may be regarded in some sort as the heroic age of Western Europe. Many striking differences are observable between the tendencies of the Classic epics and those of *Osian*. In the *Fingal* and *Temora*, for instance, the ladies are all but goddesses, inspiring a pure, lofty, and ambitious sentiment, while in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the goddesses can scarcely be considered ladies, and this contrast is the more remarkable, because the Celts of *Osian's* time appear, on the clearest internal evidence, to have been far behind the Greeks of the Homeric age in other elements of civilization. It is curious also to observe, that while *Osian* invariably enlists the sympathies of the reader for his hero, we are instinctively disposed to admire Hector and Turnus rather than Achilles and *Æneas*. The hero of the *Iliad* is an impetuous and passionate savage, who will neither be reasoned with nor contradicted. *Æneas* is merely a second edition of Ulysses, equally crafty and unfeeling, attaining his object by cunning and address, and when these fail him, by force. He addresses Dido, at their first interview, with all possible reverence and humility; and when he has broken her heart, is deaf to all but his sense of duty to himself; like a true hypocrite, lays the blame upon the gods, and coldly reminds her that she has no legitimate claim upon his generosity. He arrives in Italy, and persuades Latinus to give him his daughter, who had been betrothed to a native prince, and eventually says her losses under every possible disadvantage of soul and body in his flight

from Troy, too, he saved his women, gods, and left his wife to the mercy of the Greeks. If Virgil intended to paint the character of Augustus under the name of *Æneas*, he has faithfully placed upon his canvas—

"Him who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius; though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sang to him."

As an epic poet, Virgil laboured under many external disadvantages. Living in a state of society where passions and sympathies are diminished and suppressed, where even words and looks are measured by conventionalities, surrounded by all the pressure influences of a recently established despotism, and encumbered by a full vocabulary, he produced, as may have been anticipated, a graceful and elaborate, but not a sublime and original poem. Had he lived in a less polished age, surrounded by and drawing inspiration from the grand and varying phenomena of nature, had he wandered lonely by the mountain and the river, and marked the play of the wild passions of heroic savages, as enduring as the oak and as impetuous as the storm, his poetry would have gained in grandeur and originality what it may have lacked of elegance and ease. It was said that he would have been the last Italian epic poet had not Lucretius *Tæseos* followed; and that, had he not preceded *Tæseos* would have been the first; but there is more real poetry ringing through "*Tæseos's* echoes" than would heaven six *Æneids*. After all, Virgil "*he left his name upon the harp-string*." His fame is "*on the four great *Xones**."

36.—*Soleis quæ pudorem.* Compare—

"Juliet leaning

Amid her window flowers, sighing, weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow."—KEATS.

32.—*Domo vacua:*

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."—MOORE.

38.—*Absentem.* Compare—

"Still the fond lover sees the absent maid,
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade."—BROWNE.

110.—*Specula alta:*

"So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away."—BONNING.

312.—*Ite iterum in lacrymas:*

"On such a night as this
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."—SHAKESPEARE.

580.—*Incens fulminem:*

"His sword was his own meteor."—GOSSET.

BOOK V.—82. *Interpres serpentis*. Compare the following description of a serpent:

"She was a Gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue,
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barted,
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with her gloomier tapestries.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar."—KEATS.

113.—*Chimæra*. The Chimæra was one of those composite figures emblematic of the agents of creation, preservation, and destruction, suggested by the Indian (Hindoo) doctrine of a Trinity to the more æsthetic Greeks.

276.—*Longos tortus*. Compare—

"Like a lithe serpent, vast and muscular,
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From overstrained might."—KEATS.

120.—*Terna arina*. Banks of oars appear to have been arranged diagonally, and their number was sometimes expressly multiplied, e.g. the great galley of Phœnix IV. with forty banks of oars, and that of Hiero II. with twenty banks and three decks.

801.—*Unde genas domas*. Astarte or Venus was originally emblematic of one of the great elements of creation, in which moisture was regarded as an ingredient; hence the sanctity of the water-lily, and the symbolic representations of the palm and the lotus; and among the Hindoos, of Brahma reclining on the lotus. Venus subsequently became the ideal of female beauty. The celebrated Cœlian Venus—nearly identical with the *Dei Medici*—and the *Amphymene* of Apollon were taken from a living model, the *étaipe* Phryne.

854.—*Ramum*. Compare—

"While another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair."—KEATS.

BOOK VI. 44.—*Ecce Deus*. Compare—

"The god, the god! the Sibyl cries:
Her figure swells, she foams, she raves;
The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er;
The holy harpings charm no more.
In vain she checks the god's control
His maddening spirit fills her frame,
And moulds the features of her soul;

The cavern frowns, its hundred mouths unclose:
And in the thunder's voice the base of æthere flows."—KEATS.

84.—*Psylla*. "For a field of the dead yew-tree red to my sight."
CAMERON.

302.—*Jam senex* :

"Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth ;
Freshness and vigour knit his manly frame ;
The wisdom of old age was mingled there
With youth's primeval dauntlessness."—SHELLEY.

676.—*Sphinx*. This sphinx merely occupies the Hydra with the mythical monster situated nearby, and has no reference, as is commonly supposed, to the Lernaean, or any other hydra.

636.—*Locos litos* :

"To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with æther pure, and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by him portrayed
Who here was wont to wander."—

717.—*Anne aliquas* :

"What shall it be more in the grave, to bid the slumberer wake?"
OSSIAN.

722.—*Principio, &c.* :

"Throughout those infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which our earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life,
That knows no term, cessation, or decay."

And again--

"Soul of the universe! Eternal spring
Of life and death, of happiness and woe,
Of all that disfigure the phantasmal scene."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The heaven
That, spreading in this, all and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal."—KEATS.

There is the doctrine of *Pantheism*, or emanations, of which Aristotle said, "The gods of the people are many; the God of Nature is one." It forms a principal element in the philosophy of all ages and nations. The *soul of the universe* is the *deus*, or the third Person of the Platonic Trinity, and the *logos* of the Gnostics. The theory of emanations is the first principle of the philosophy of Pythagoras, the Brahmins, the Essenes, or Alexandrine sect of the Jews, and is most fully developed in the Jewish Kabbala. It is also maintained by many educated Europeans of the present day, who do not care to acknowledge it.

741.—*Quisque suo potitur Munes*. Perhaps the most correct version of this phrase is, "We suffer or are acted upon by our several responsibilities or consciences;" *anima* being the vital principle, and *Munes* the sense of personal identity preserved. When Virgil says

he feminine forms *clausa*, *alix*, and *has*, in verses 734, 740, and 748, he evidently intends that they should refer to *unices*; and accordingly this sentence seems to imply that the *Manes* make the *unices* undergo a sort of purgatory, before they are fit for good society.

876.—*Dextera*. "Blest be thy soul, son of Semo! Thou wert mighty in battle. Thy strength was like the strength of a stream; thy speed like the eagle's wing. Thy path in battle was terrible; the steps of death were behind thy sword. Thou hast not fallen by the word of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the spear."—*Ossian*.

981.—*Tu Marcellus*:

"Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine •
Where his voice faltered, and a mother wept
Tears of delight."—*Rogers*





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Virgil. Aeneis
Aeneid; tr. by Owgan.

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